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SIR R. K. PORTER'S TRAVELS.

(Literary Gazette.)

SIR Robert's observations on the mighty Caucasian chain are altogether good ; but we can copy only a part, describing some of the superstitions and dreadful phenomena connected with that giant belt of mountains, in which Elborus is intimated to be 16,700 feet above the level of the sea.

"There is a tradition here, that during the subsiding of the deluge, the ark of Noah, while floating over these mountains in the direction of Ararat, its place of final rest, smote the head of Elborus with its keel, and the cleft it made in the mountain has remained ever since. To give any colour of feasibility to the legend, it had better have represented, that the ark struck off the top of the one mountain in its passage to the other ; for, otherwise, Elborus, towering as it is, being at present much lower than Ararat, it could not have been touched at all by the sacred vessel floating towards so much higher a region. But this oral remembrance of some junction having taken place between Elborus and the earliest personages of Holy Writ, is not the only honour of the kind attached to the history of this celebrated mountain. Heathen traditions, and classical writers affirm, that Elborus was the huge and savage rock of Caucasus to which Prometheus was chained. And who, but Eschylus, has drawn its picture ? In his pages alone, we find the magnitude,

sublimity, and terror of that 'stony girdle of the world,' that quarry of the globe, whence all its other mountains may seem to have been chisselled ; such are its wondrous abysses, its vast and caverned sides, and summits of every form and altitude, mingling with the clouds. There is still a tradition amongst the natives, who reside in the valleys of Elborus, that the bones of an enormous giant, exposed there by Divine wrath, are yet to be seen on its smaller summit. Indeed, the story is so much a matter of firm belief with the rude tribes in that quarter of the Caucasus, that people are to be found amongst them, who will swear they have seen these huge remains. Marvellous as the story is, it seemed so well attested, that some time ago, a European general officer thought, he might make it a ground for penetrating farther than had yet been attempted, into the interior of the mountain ; and accordingly, I was told, he set forth on this expedition, with a party of two hundred men and a light piece of artillery, to ascertain the truth of so extraordinary a tale. However, the moment was not yet arrived for a European eye to behold the remains of this dead Colossus ; for scarcely had he penetrated any distance into the recesses of the mountain, when a dreadful avalanche rolled in fury down its side, and overwhelmed the whole party, excepting its

leader, and two or three soldiers. There was now no doubt amongst the natives, that the intention of the expedition was to have given charitable sepulchre to the unburied corpse, and that the accident happened in consequence of the vengeance of the spirits of the mountain, who had the mysterious relics in charge; thus to show, that the doom of their being left to bleach on that unsheltered rock for ever should never be reversed. So far the judgment of the spirits of the mountain! But it is more credibly believed, by the persons who told me the story, that the real object of the expedition, which set forth under this mask, was to reconnoitre ground for the establishment of some good positions in the mountains."

Avalanches frequently happen in these stupendous regions:

"And they are not always confined to the winter season; but happen at any time, when either the power of the sun, or the weight of the snows, may disengage the preponderating load from its hold on the mountain. In June, 1776, the course of the Terek was stopped by one of these ice torrents; when its impeded waters rose to the height of 258 feet, and suddenly tearing a passage through the rocky barrier of that tremendous defile, with a noise louder than thunder resounded by a thousand echoes, rushed onward in a devastating flood.

"Similar was the horrid scene, report brought to us in the month of November, 1817. The pale summit of the mountain Kasibeck, on the other side which shelves down into the dark valley between Derial and the village which bears the mountain's name, had been seen abruptly to move. In an instant it was launched forward; and nothing was now beheld for the shaken snow, and dreadful over-shadowing of the falling destruction. The noise that accompanied it, was the most stunning, bursting, and rolling onward, of all that must make death certain. As the avalanche rushed on, huge masses of rock, rifted from the mountain's side, were driven before it; and the snows, and ice of centuries, pouring down in immense shattered forms, and rending

heaps, fell, like the fall of an earthquake; covering from human eye, villages, valleys, and people! What an awful moment, when all was still!—when the dreadful cries of man and beast were heard no more; and the tremendous avalanche lay a vast, motionless, white shroud on all around.

"The magnitude of the destruction will readily be comprehended, when it is understood; that the depth of the snow, which thus rolled downwards in sight of the appalled inhabitants of the valley, was full twenty-eight fathoms that is, 168 feet; and its extent more than six wersts, or four miles English. It immediately blocked up the course of the Terek, whose obstructed waters, beating up, in immense billows, foaming and raging against this strange impediment, seemed at times, ready to overtop it; but, still repelled by the firmness and height of the snow, it fell back on its bed with a roaring that proclaimed the dreadful scene to a vast distance. The overcharged waters then formed themselves into a lake, which spread down the whole valley, on the river-side of its tremendous barrier; thus completely barring all communication with Wlady Caucasus. Nearly twelve days elapsed before the river had sapped its way through so immense a body of consolidated snow; but, when it did make an opening, its flood, and fury, and devastating consequences, fell not far short of the dreadful ruin occasioned by the cause of its obstruction. Bridges, forts, every thing contiguous to its path, were washed away in the torrent."

As we do not like to leave Tiflis with so painful an impression, we shall diversify our page, and finish with some particulars respecting the people of Circassia; obtained from natives who accompanied the Russian embassy.

"The prince and his nobles have much the same sort of education that was bestowed on the great men amongst our Saxon ancestors; manly exercises, and the use of arms. The prince alone is regularly taught to read and write. In all but this distinction, (which is a real superiority, as its tendency is to enlarge the knowledge where

most power resides,) he is trained, from his earliest youth, along with the younger chieftains, to the management of the horse, and the mastery of every weapon in use amongst them; and at a certain age, he accompanies his instructors and their followers in occasional excursions against the neighbouring predatory tribes, to inure him to brave danger, to rescue plunder, or retaliate rapine; and to make him acquainted alike with the passes, which will most readily conduct him into the territories of his enemies, and the avenues that might easiest lead them to his own.

"The women, who are so often the only spoil sought after by the marauding tribes about Circassia, are brought up in simple and domestic habits by their mothers; a mode of education that must make the act of being torn from their parents and country doubly distressing to the youthful victims. They are taught by their mothers, not merely the use of the needle in decorative works, but to make their own clothes, and those of the men of their family. Soon after a female infant is born, her waist is encircled by a leathern bandage, sewn tight and which only gives way afterwards to the natural growth of the child. It is then replaced by another; and so on, till the shape is completely formed, according to the taste of the country. The first night of her nuptials, the husband cuts the cincture with his poignard; a custom something dangerous, and certainly terrific, to the blushing bride. After marriage the women are kept very close, not even their husbands' own relations being suffered to visit them; but, what seems an extraordinary inconsistency, a man has no objection to allow that privilege to a stranger, whom he permits to enter the sacred precincts of his home, without himself to be a guard over its decorum. For it is a rule with the Circassians, never to be seen by a third person in the presence of their wives; and they observe it strictly to their latest years.

"On the morning of the celebration of a marriage, the bride presents her intended husband with a coat of mail,

helmet, and all other articles necessary to a full equipment for war. Her father, on the same day, gives her a small portion of her dowry; while he, at the same time, receives from his son-in-law an exchange of genealogies; a punctilio, on which they all pique themselves with as great a nicety, as on any point of personal honour; every man being more or less esteemed, according to the purity, and illustrious names of his descent. When the first child of the marriage is born, the father of the bride pays up the residue of her fortune to the husband; presenting her, at the same auspicious moment, with the distinguishing badges of a married woman, (never put on with this tribe, until offspring is the fruit of union,) which honourable marks are, a long white veil, over a sort of red coif; all the rest of the dress being white also. Indeed, white is universal with the women, married and single; but the men always wear colours. The wife has the care of her husband's arms and armour; and she is so habitually anxious he should not disgrace them, that if she have the most distant idea he has used them with less bravery, in any particular action, than his brethren, she never ceases assailing him with reproach and derision, till he washes away the stain of imputed cowardice, either in the blood of his enemies or his own. At present, the professed religion of these people, is Mahometan; but this sort of female heroism, speaks more like the high mind of a Spartan virgin, or a Roman matron, than one of the soul-less daughters of the Arabian prophet. Formerly, the Christian faith had made some progress amongst them, but not a vestige of its ordinances is now to be found. Hospitality, however, is an eminent virtue with the tribe of the true Circassians; and it is a no inconsequential one, in these remote regions of savage men, and more savage hostility. One of the courtesies peculiarly reserved by this tribe, to do honour to strangers, I have already mentioned—that of admitting them to the sacredness of their domestic hearths; but this sort of welcome goes still farther,

and even to a preposterous length (to say the least of it) amongst other tribes of the Caucasus, and particularly that of the Kisty. When a traveller arrives at one of their abodes, the host orders one of his daughters to do the honours of his reception, to take care of his horse and his baggage, to prepare his meals, and, when night comes on, to share his bed. The refusal of the latter part of the entertainment, would be

considered as a great affront to the young lady and her father. The natives of a part of Lapland not very far from Torneo, have a similar custom; but then it is the wife of the host, whom he delivers into the bosom of his guest; and she remains with the stranger, as his exclusive property, during the whole of his sojourn under her husband's roof."

HUNTING THE GOUR, OR WILD ASS OF PERSIA.

SIR Robert Ker Porter, in his interesting Travels through Georgia, Persia, Babylonia, &c., recently published, describes falling in with two of the above animals.

"The sun (says this writer) was just rising over the summits of the eastern mountains when my greyhound Cooley suddenly darted off in pursuit of an animal, which my Persians said, from the glimpse they had of it, was an antelope. I instantly put spurs to my horse, and followed by Sedak Bey and the mehmander, followed the chase. After an unrelaxed gallop of full three miles, we came up with the dog, who was then within a short stretch of the creature he pursued; and to my surprise, and at first, vexation, I saw it to be an ass. But on a moment's reflection, judging from its fleetness it must be a wild one, a species little known in Europe, but which the Persians prize above all other animals, as an object of chase, I determined to approach as near to it, as the very swift Arab I was on would carry me. But the single instant of checking my horse to consider, had given our game such a head of us, that notwithstanding all our speed, we could not recover our ground on him. I, however, happened to be considerably before my companions, when, at a certain distance, the animal, in its turn, made a pause, and allowed me to approach within pistol-shot of him. He then darted off with the quickness of thought; capering, kicking, and sport-

ing in his flight, as if he were not blown in the least, and the chase were his pastime.

"He appeared to me to be about ten or twelve hands high; the skin smooth like a deer's, and of a reddish colour; the belly and hinder parts partaking of a silver grey; his neck was that of a common ass, being longer, and bending like a stag's, and his legs beautifully slender; the head and ears seemed large in proportion to the gracefulness of those forms, and by them I first recognized that the object of my chase was of the ass tribe. The mane was short and black, as was also a tuft which terminated his tail. No line whatever ran along his back or crossed his shoulders, as are seen on the same species with us. When my followers of the country came up, they regretted I had not shot the creature when he was so within my aim; telling me his flesh is one of the greatest delicacies in Persia; but it would not have been to eat him that I should have been glad to have him in my possession. The prodigious swiftness and peculiar manner with which he fled across the plain coincided exactly with the description Xenophon gives of the same animal in Arabia. But, above all, it reminded me of the striking portrait drawn by the author of the book of Job. I shall venture to repeat it, since the words will give life and action to the sketch that is to accompany these pages:—

“Who hath loosed the bonds of the wild ass, whose house I have made in the wilderness, and the barren land his dwellings! He scorneth the multitude of the city, neither regardeth he the crying of the driver. The range of the mountain is his pastime.”

“I was informed by the mehmander who had been in the desert, when making a pilgrimage to the shrine of Ali, that the wild ass of Irak Arabi differs in nothing from the one I had just seen. He had observed them often for a short time in the possession of a person who told him the creature was perfectly untameable. A few days after this discussion, we saw another of these animals, and pursuing it determinately had the good fortune after a hard chase to kill and bring it to our quarters.—It is called *gour* by the Persians, and is usually seen in herds, though often single, straying away, as the one I first saw, in the wantonness of liberty. To the national passion for hunting so wild an object, Persia lost one of its most estimable monarchs, Baharam, surnamed *Gour*, from his fondness for the sport, and general success in the pursuit of an animal almost as fleet as the wind. The scene of this chase was a fine open vale, near to Shiraz, but which had the inconvenience of being intersected by a variety of springs, forming themselves into exceedingly deep ponds, caverned at the bottom by nature to an extent under ground not to be traced. While the king was in the heat of the pursuit, his horse came suddenly to the brink of one of these pieces of water, and tumbling headlong, both horse and rider disappeared. The pond was immediately explored, to the utmost of their ability in those days, but the body of the king could not be found; hence it is supposed, it must have been driven by the stream into one of the subterraneous channels, and there found a watery grave. This event happened 1400 years ago, and yet it forms an interesting tale in the memories of the natives, to relate to the traveller passing that way.”

“PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.”

Baharam the fifth, surnamed *Gour*, who was killed in a gour-hunt, as above related, was one of the bravest and

best princes of the Sassanian race. Sir John Malcolm gives a curious anecdote respecting the love of this king towards his queen, and the circumstances which raised her into such high estimation with him, as to induce him to commemorate her image with his own by giving her profile with his on the Sassanian coins. The story is thus told on the spot where they say it happened:—

“The ruling passion of Baharam was the chase, and proud of his excellence as an archer, he wished to exhibit his skill before his favourite wife. She accordingly accompanied him to the plain, and an antelope was descried at a distance lying asleep. The monarch drew his bow with such precision, that its arrow grazed the animal’s ear. The antelope awoke, and put his hind hoof to the spot to strike off the fly, by which he appeared to conceive he was annoyed. The monarch shot again, and pinned the hoof to the horn. The exulting Baharam turned to the lady with a look that demanded her opinion of his skill, but she coolly observed, “Practice makes perfect.” So indifferent a reply where he expected such warm praises, stung him to the soul with disappointment and jealousy, and in the fury of the moment he ordered her to be carried to the mountains, and exposed to perish. The minister, who was to obey this cruel command took her thence, but mercifully sparing her life, allowed her to retire under a deep disguise, to an obscure village on the mountain side. She took up her lodgings in the upper chamber of a tower, to which she ascended by twenty steps. On her arrival she bought a young calf, which she regularly carried up and down the flight every day. This exercise she continued for four years, and the improvement in her strength kept pace with the increasing weight of the animal. Baharam, who had supposed his favourite to have been long dead, happened, after a fatiguing chase, to be one evening at this village; he saw a young woman carrying a large cow up a flight of twenty steps. He was astonished, and sent to enquire how strength so extraordinary had been acquired by a woman of apparently so

truly a feminine form. The young person, who had wrapped herself in her veil, said she would communicate her secret to none but the king, and to him only on his condescending to come to the tower alone. Baharam instantly obeyed the summons, and on his repeating his admiration of what he had seen, she bid him not lavish his praises as if she had performed a miracle, for "practice makes perfect," said the queen, in her natural tone of voice, and

at the same time lifting up her veil. The king recognized and embraced her, struck with the lesson she had thus given him, and delighted with a proof of love which had induced her for four years to pursue so arduous a plan of convincing him of his mistake. He restored her to his affection and rank as his favourite wife, and had a palace built on the spot of their re-union, to commemorate the event."

LORD BYRON AND MR. BOWLES' CONTROVERSY RESPECTING POPE.

(Gentleman's Magazine.)

The "Quarrels of Authors" have been most ably and satisfactorily treated by Mr. D'Israeli; and, though the present *fracas* would at this moment be tender ground, it may find a niche in some future Edition of those very amusing Volumes. Having already noticed this Controversy at some length in a preceding Number, we shall only again revert to it, for the purpose of observing, that the Noble Bard, in his Letter to a respectable Bookseller, with a warmth which reflects honour on his Lordship's feelings, defends both the moral and poetical character of Pope. We are seriously inclined to think that the Publick are as much indebted to Lord Byron for this elegant Epistle in Prose, as for any of his lofty Poems, and shall proceed to point out one delightful passage, which more immediately relates to himself.

"I LOOK upon myself as entitled to talk of naval matters, at least to poets:—with the exception of Walter Scott, Moore, and Southey, perhaps, who have been voyagers. I have *swam* more miles than all the rest of them together now living ever *sailed*, and have lived for months and months on ship-board; and, during the whole period of my life abroad, have scarcely ever passed a month out of sight of the Ocean: besides being brought up from two years till ten on the brink of it. I recollect, when anchored off Cape Sigeum in 1810, in an English frigate, a violent squall coming on at sunset, so violent as to make us imagine the ship would part cable, or drive from her anchorage. Mr. Hobhouse and myself, and some officers, had been up the Dardanelles to Abydos, and were just returned in time. The aspect of a storm in the Archipelago is as poetical as need be, the sea being particularly short, dashing, and dangerous, and the navigation intricate and broken by the isles and currents. Cape Sigeum, the tumuli of the Troad, Lemnos, Tenedos, all added to the associations of the time. But what seemed the most "poetical" of all at the moment, were

the numbers (about two hundred) of Greek and Turkish craft, which were obliged to "cut and run," before the wind, from their unsafe anchorage, some for Tenedos, some for other Isles, some for the Main, and some it might be for Eternity. The sight of these little scudding vessels, darting over the foam in the twilight, now appearing and now disappearing between the waves in the cloud of night, with their peculiarly *white* sails, (the Levant sails not being of "coarse canvas," but of white cotton), skimming along as quickly, but less safely than the sea-mews which hovered over them; their evident distress, their reduction to fluttering specks in the distance, their crowded succession, their *littleness*, as contending with the giant element, which made our stout forty-four's *teak* timbers, (she was built in India), creak again; their aspect and their motion, all struck me as something far more "poetical" than the mere broad, brawling, shipless sea, and the sullen winds, could possibly have been without them.

"The Euxine is a noble sea to look upon, and the port of Constantinople the most beautiful of harbours, and

yet I cannot but think that the twenty sail of the line, some of one hundred and forty guns, rendered it more "poetical" by day in the sun, and by night perhaps still more, for the Turks illuminate their vessels of war in a manner the most picturesque, and yet all this is *artificial*. As for the Euxine, I stood upon the Symplegades—I stood

by the broken altar still exposed to the winds upon one of them—I felt all the "*poetry*" of the situation, as I repeated the first lines of *Medea*; but would not that '*poetry*' have been heightened by the *Argo*? It was so even by the appearance of any merchant vessel arriving from *Odessa*."

SECRETS OF CABALISM.

(European Magazine.)

IN the month of August, 1798 a vessel steering towards the western entrance of the straits of Magellan was stranded on a reef of coral rocks, and went to pieces. One Frenchman swam on shore, accompanied by a gentoo servant whose efforts saved him from perishing. The Island on which chance had cast them appeared not more than a mile broad, crossed by a deep valley. In the centre of this valley, surrounded by a thick plantation of bananas and plantain trees, the two shipwrecked strangers found three rows of houses, each in the form of an oblong square, with a shelving roof, supported by seven posts on each side and three in the middle. The eaves reached within two feet of the ground, leaving the rest open and unwallled. These roofs or eaves were composed of palm-leaves, thatched with a degree of skill and symmetry that promised civilized inhabitants. The Frenchman took a branch of the *Mimosa* tree, knowing how generally its tender and flexible leaves are respected, perhaps because they seem even to rude nations an emblem of courtesy, and presented himself at the first hut's entrance. He was surprised to receive a courteous answer from a gentle voice in the English language. The speaker had the features of a Briton, though shaded with a deep olive tint; and the white cloth which covered his tall and well-shaped figure was arranged in something like European costume. The stranger spake English well, and was instantly surrounded by all the residents of this valley, hailing with cries

and gestures of joy, the countryman of their ancestors. Their welcome was shared by his gentoo attendant, who knelt humbly to receive it, and both were led into the central hut, seated on a bench covered with soft matting, and feasted on delicious fish. Delombre was cautious to avail himself of fortunate accidents, and spoke of England with the glee and familiarity of a native. He heard the traditions of the islanders, who informed him, that an accident very similar to his own had thrown an English ship on what they called the coast of Omorca, about the year 1649. The passengers in this crew were a person named Digby, his family and a few of his friends, emigrating to the new southern world from the turmoils of rebellion. These had been the parents and founders of the colony, in which Delombre was surprised to find no traces of Christianity. There was, indeed, a Moravian regularity in the movements of the whole. The central hut was so contrived as to command a view of those that surrounded it, and they, resting on detached pillars of the clustered stems of trees, formed a perspective on all sides not unlike the arcades of the Banian tree. The inhabitant of this centre was invested with the office of chief magistrate, and teacher of those mysteries which seemed to be at once their law and gospel. At first Delombre was cautiously and reluctantly admitted among the audience, but his profound and submissive attention gained their confidence. He then discovered, that the seven props of every house alluded

symbolically to the seven metals, the seven planets, and the seven days' work of creation : that they believed in two things, a good, and an evil spirit, and expected a millennium or perfect state of man at the end of a thousand years. In preparation for this great sabbath, they appeared to live in an entire community of brotherhood and peace. Their huts or dwellings were all equal ; the little isle was common property, like lands of ancient parishes ; and their boats were divided into small allotments of the same size, in which, whatever was the success of any individual in fish, he was only permitted to deposit as much as it would contain, and to distribute the rest among his companions. On the same principle, the public granary was subject to the equal demands of every family, and the cloth which their mulberry trees' bark afforded belonged not to the manufacturers, but to the commonwealth. Punishments seemed hardly needed, for the mild temperament of these people, subdued by a pure and moderate diet, incessant labour, and the total absence of all excitements to love, avarice, ambition, or revenge, almost promised to realize their hope of perfectibility. Love was no passion here, for the young women of the island, seen all day at work in their open huts in the plain clothing never permitted to be embellished, had none of the charms afforded by seclusion, mystery, or parade. The mayor, or chief magistrate, united them in the central pavilion of the valley, and dissolved their contract when they complained of discontent, which seldom happened, for neither party could gain any thing by a change, except a new progeny, and a consequent increase of labour. There was no ceremony, no congratulations, no change of scene or dress, to flatter the imagination ; and love, as Rochefoucault merrily says, was never known, because it was never spoken of.

Delombre, a pupil of Rochefoucault in manners, but of a much deeper philosophy in other points, was surprised and strongly interested by this Utopian island. He easily perceived in the obscure creed of its inhabitants the relics of that superstition which prevailed among the Rosicrucians,* or Hermetic men, the Cabalists, Platonists, and Illuminati of the Dutch and German schools in the sixteenth century. He remembered the name of Digby among their disciples, and had no doubt that the father of this colony was some kinsman of the Sir Kenelm Digby, famous for his faith in the dreams of Jacob Behmen, and John of Munster during the first Charles's reign. He was surprised to find such a community of men governed by the simple levelling principle of those enthusiasts, without any help from the more solemn inventions and witcheries of Dr. Dee, and Hugh Peters. He rather expected to have found in this relic of their sect some traces of the beryl glass and magic tripod by which those impostors either duped or aided the reformers of Cromwell's days. And he was not mistaken. For on the seventh sabbath after his arrival in the island, he witnessed an assembly of the eldest men held in silence at midnight, "under the close shade of innumerable boughs," while their chief read from the remnant of a very ancient bible certain strange, and dark texts in the Apocrypha. And there was a rude altar of stone on which a plate † of some mixed metal was fastened, inscribed with Egyptian characters, and covered with a crimson veil which none but the patriarch presumed to raise. "I am not mistaken," said Delombre to himself: "the vision of universal equality and perfection, and the omnipotence of God and Matter, or rather of Matter without God, has found its way from the Magians recorded by Plutarch, through the secret tribunals of Westphalia, the elegant academies of Descartes and Spino-

* Some account of these dreamers may be found in D'Argenson, and Barton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. The 574th. No. of the *Spectator* alludes to them with poetical complacency.

† Perhaps something similar to the round plate usually attached to the Abacus, or staff of office, carried by the Knights-Templars, who are supposed to have learned the original mysteries of Cabalism in the early days of Crusading, and to have diffused them on their return from the East.

sa and the round-headed, crop-eared dupes of an English parliament's hired wizards, to this paradise in the Southern Seas!—Plato himself, who expected that golden period when 'all mankind should be one family, having all things in common and one form of speech,' would have yawned if he had spent seven weeks in the dullness of this 'equal republic of the elect.'—I marvel that the Rosicrucian Digby did not enrich his colony with a few sylphs and nymphs exempt from the domestic drudgery of this levelling system, and bring the Houris of the Manichean heresy into his island-tabernacle, though he could not find the elixir of life or the seed of gold. Let us see whether we cannot enliven the dull matter which composes these people with some finer touch of the *fifth element* they expect."

Delombre began by recommending himself to his new friend's esteem by the urbanity and gentleness of his conduct. He assisted his Gentoo servant in constructing several ingenious toys and utensils in addition to many they possessed, especially a flageolet and a guitar capable of great sweetness. He observed that all their domestic articles were constructed of bone very neatly polished, or of wood, but never of metal, and he concluded that their creed forbade its use, as the founder of Digby's philosophy taught the depreciation of all metals. Delombre's ardent spirit seized on this opportunity to realize or establish the full extent of the Rosicrucian creed, to try its influence over a simple race of men, and to see its consequences. The inhabitants of this isle, whose very name had some reference to the Chaldean root of Rosicrucianism, seemed formed for his disciples; and their isle, perhaps, might be the first theatre of a cabalist's dominion.

Delombre's meditations were interrupted by the person who held in this island an office nearly similar to the patriarch of St. Kilda's. When they had walked together a few paces—"This," said he, "is the place where by burying our dead we restore them to the basest of the four elements mystically mingled in us. Look round and tell us what you see."

"I see," replied Delombre, "a sandy plain, without tree, stone, or beacon. The darkness that lies beyond passes my sight."

"You are right," said the Patriarch, "and such is the state we live in here. There is a dry smooth level crust spread over the corruption at work beneath. Our wretched people lie under the weight of our barbarous equality, a prey to vile paltry passions, ever grovelling and coiling, as the dead lie under this soil devoured by earth-worms—yet the quietness of the grave appears outside:—Here is neither flower nor tablet to honour the dead, nor have the living here either joy or honour. All is blank, barren, and dark, yet this burial-place is better than our life, for our life is a death we feel."

Delombre's brow became black, and he cast a fearful glance towards the dark cavern which terminated the prospect.

"None but the dead are near us," continued the Patriarch, "and we may speak safely of what concerns the living. You cannot desire to remain here—Assist me in completing the boat I have secretly begun to build, and we may escape together."

"From hence," said Delombre, in surprise—"from this quiet and free island!—to navigate an unknown sea and visit strangers?"

"Yours," answered his companion, "was not the first vessel that has touched it; but what you have told me is enough. I loathe the poverty, the sameness, the torpor of our existence here. Where men build towers and cities and palaces, they must have property and hope. They would not plough, nor reap those rich fields you tell of, nor come forth in such gallant vessels, if there was no better prize for their labour than the pittance given to all men. If they have churches, they must feel or know something of a God. England, they say, has all these—Men are not buried there like dogs, nor born only to eat, sleep, and die.—Here we have nothing else to do."

"What!" said Delombre, contemptuously—"to see a few useless palaces

and churches, would you leave the bones of your fathers, the young men born under your roof, and the mother who reared them?"

"I tell you," the patriarch answered, "we have no property and no hope. Our iron law gives all things alike to all men—the idle, the witless, the gormandizing, and the ungrateful. Our women are dull as the wood which kindles our fires—What more are they to us, or we to them?—Our children owe us nothing, for we cannot enrich them—they are sure of bread and sleep whether they are the drones or the bees of this hive. The drones may devour their morsel of honey, and the most industrious bees have no better share. Therefore we heed them and they heed us no more than the swamp regards the water it sucks in and never yields again. We are like the rushes in a swamp—equal, it is true, but all feeble, and soon withered.—In England——"

"In England," interrupted the Frenchman, bitterly, "the commonwealth is a tree which they are hewing down because the roots cannot be at the top, and every branch cannot bear at once both blossom and fruit. There is not a pool in your island sooner disturbed by a pebble—not a bunch of dry fern on your hearths more easily kindled into a blaze than the owners of those broad fields and rich cities!—Nor is there a nook in the most savage corner of the world which they are not readier to dwell in than their own!"

"But they may *hope*!" exclaimed the Patriarch, his dark eyes gleaming and expanding—"they must range—they must rave—they must mistake evil for good, but there is good in view, and if they fall sometimes, they are free to rise. They are not forced to live in the deadness and desert of an eternal *Level*.—Their tree bears fruit, and every man may strive to reach it. Friend!—my night's prayer and my morning dream is to see that land, where there is a race to run, and a prize to win."

"And I," said Delombre, "have spent my manhood in flying from such

vanities. I once believed some childish tales, but I have shaken them off—and instead of hoping for an hundred ages beyond the grave, I enjoy the present."

"You believed and hoped this once!" rejoined the Patriarch, stopping short, "and you strive to forget it? I would give all the years of my past life for one day of such belief. Well—thou may'st teach it me, however; and I will make these senseless grovelers happy before I go. They look for a change into some unknown element a thousand years hence—let us give them a nearer and better hope."

The philosopher smiled in scorn, and promised to instruct him in those cabalistic secrets which govern and amuse men.

Delombre, however, had no intention to amuse his new acquaintance with the whims of cabalism respecting the mighty secret of generating gold, or its parent mercury.* Neither did he suppose that such a secret, even if he had possessed it, would have been more useful to him, than to its owner Paracelsus, who died ridiculously poor, notwithstanding the help of his gold seed, and the imp he kept in the pommel of his sword: both as unprofitable as the mice he pretended to make out of meal. But he erected in the hut allotted to him certain machines calculated to excite the curiosity of the people; and with great mystery informed their Patriarch that he belonged himself to the creed of their English Ancestor. "But," said he, "you are aware that he did not live long enough here to convey to his descendants the inmost secret of his faith. That which you obscurely call the Creator of the world, is the substance that fills it. Since all things, even the impalpable air, is material—that is, a mass of matter—the power that sways all things is in it, and matter itself is the divinity."

There was darkness in this light, and the old man he addressed only trembled and was silent. But when the younger men of the community gathered round the orator, he took care to clothe

* The alchemists Von Helmont and Fludd pretend that mercury is the original principle of gold, and sulphur of the inferior metals. And they affect to suppose them typically represented by Adam and Eve.

his mystery in gayer colours. He told his hearers, that the air, the fire, the water and the earth which they beheld, were inhabited by particles endued with life like themselves, but too delicate to be discerned by common eyes. "Their business," he added, "is to watch, to assist, and to bless us. They are unacquainted with the toils and afflictions of bodily existence—their beauty is unchanging, their power is pleasure, their presence is the highest gift of science. They are always near. Even while we speak they hear us now, and their exquisite voices are prevented from reaching us only by the dullness of our own composition."

These hints and disclosures were not given at the same time, nor without the aid of such pageantry as his situation afforded. He shewed them at a certain hour, after much awful preparation, the concave mirrors in a globe of glass by which the fire of the sun could be concentrated, and a powder obtained capable of the most marvellous effects. Another glass, filled with water, earth, and air, was placed mysteriously on a kind of altar exposed to the sun; and these three elements, he said, would soon be separated and reduced by his art to a medicine sufficient to prevent all want of food and drink. If the natives could have paused in the simplicity of their ignorance, before they credited his assertions, his eagle eye, the authority of his noble brow, and the powerful music of his voice, would have enforced belief; and the charm of a romance so new and rich wanted little more than its own influence.

The evening of that day had more than the usual softness of a southern clime. But the natives of Omorca did not retire as usual to sleep after their contented labours. Many remained couched under the fragrant trees, watching the stars as they came forth in their beauty, and listening to the murmur of waters in which they already imagined whispering voices. The next day did not restore the quiet regularity of their routine. They met in groupes, to talk, to wonder, and to regret that these invisible creatures of light and loveliness were not made known to them. They

surrounded Delombre's dwelling, and demanded his assistance. He told them their obedience must be strict and their patience determined. They answered by shouts of joy, and by bearing him in triumph on a litter of palm-branches to the chief-place or centre of their city installing him as their priest and king. The deposed patriarch retired gloomily with a sullen gesture. His broad firm neck and the tiger-profile of his iron-countenance gave no indication of the yielding temper manifested by his companions. Delombre graciously dismissed his new subjects, and closing all the entrances of his sanctuary, began his preparations. But an eye not wholly ungifted with the craft of cabalism was upon him.

Within one month he had promised to provide that mercurial elixir by which the spirits of other elements would be rendered visible. He believed himself very well able to delude their expectations by the magic of chemical flames and vapours, and by further promises couched in such mysterious jargon as would feed their appetite for wonders. Indistinct hopes of novelty and change were, as he well knew, the moving springs by which men govern others; and he smiled as he planned the revolution he expected to complete in this little empire. The Gentoo slave who had accompanied Delombre in his voyage from the Indies, had been one of the first subjects of his experimental cabalism. He had found this man in the diamond mine of Sultan Saib, and obtained him as a gift from his owner. The profound ignorance in which Azim had lived till his nineteenth year, the meekness of his temperament, the idolatrous gratitude he shewed for his redemption, made him ready to receive, as Delombre believed, whatever creed he offered. He was therefore, in some measure, a being of his own creation. During the voyage that followed Azim's removal from the darkness of the mine, he could learn but little earthly things, and his master's powerful genius enslaved him again. Delombre hoped and studied to preserve this uncultivated Gentoo in utter ignorance of all pure religion and all law, and to make him

what he chose to call a man of nature. It was necessary, however, to retain his services; and these he thought himself able to command by the force of gratitude, and the awe of his mysterious actions imposed. For Azim knew that Delombre had brought a box of diamonds from the wreck, and had saved other treasures. He also knew that his master visited a secret place in the island unknown to its natives, and there held conferences with a creature whose like he had never seen. He had been told that this creature, invisible to all others, was the Spirit of fire that obeyed Delombre, and preserved him from every evil chance. So much his master had chosen to assert, for he knew the power of mystery over the ignorant, and he felt, though he did not confess to himself, that a servant bound by no moral law, must be bound by fear. He was right in his feelings—wrong in his expedient. Fear had not power enough to suppress the growth of envy in Azim's mind. He knew the diamonds were precious, and his master's caution had not sufficed to prevent him from discovering the place of their concealment, nor his frequent interviews with that nameless spirit, which, like the Peris of his own clime, might, as he supposed, be gracious to the love of a true Gentoo. This thought dwelt on his mind in solitude and silence till the night when Delombre's eloquence gained him the Patriarch's place. His sullen and melancholy eye caught the deposed Patriarch's as he retired in anger, and they met in the thick woods near the shore. Azim shewed him the secret cavity in a rock near a well of brilliant water, overhung by the broad leaves of the bread-fruit tree. The moon whose last quarter was to mark the period fixed for fulfilling Delombre's promises, was now waning fast: but her light in a sky thick set with stars sufficed to shew his enemies their way into his sanctuary. It was a recess, or chamber scooped in the sand-rock, illuminated only by a silver

glimmering of the sky seen through a fissure in the loose stone that guarded its entrance, and by a burning pine-branch within. The Patriarch ventured near enough to look in, and saw Delombre sitting on a mat at the feet of what might well seem an ethereal spirit. There was a transparent and bloodless fairness in the face, a shadowy uncertainty in the outline of the figure, and a fixture in the large blue eye that seemed of no earthly mould. And Delombre's attitude and movements were those of a suppliant eagerly and devoutly bending before an idol.—“It is too late!” answered a voice whose very sound was suited to the spirit of beauty—“Your success, Delombre, will be your bane. Why were you not content with their amity and hospitable shelter? You have been ungrateful, and your craft will teach them cruelty.”

“How have I deceived them?” said the Frenchman, starting up—“The cabalistic fool who brought this colony here spoke in parables, but he felt truths. He felt as I feel, that every man has in him a fiery nature, if a kindred spark can be found to rouse it, though it may be encumbered with cold and earthy dross. And though I could not raise a spirit as Lilly* and Booker did, aye and their own sorcerer Dee, I could have shewn these islanders a rarer apparition than they ever dreamed of, if you would have been induced to aid me. They believe only Azim and myself escaped from the wreck—they cannot know you to be an Englishwoman and my fellow-passenger. Only represent for a few moments the friendly spirit of fire, as for your sake I provoked a worse element.”

“I could not assist you,” replied the melodious voice, “to act imposture always with success. You have already disturbed the quiet of these harmless natives by a fable, and the wildness of unreasonable hopes will end in revenge.—You saved me from the sea where I was perishing—you have fed and shel-

* William Lilly was astrologer to the English parliament in 1648. The exorcist Kelly is said to have conjured up dead men at Halifax and Lancaster, and in presence of Alaseo, King of Poland; and his successor, Dr. Dee, amused King James I. in the same way.

tered me in this strange land—save me for a better purpose than mockery and profanation.”

“Should I have dared,” interrupted Delombre, advancing still nearer, “to have mocked these islanders by shewing them a prize I never meant to part with? Or its profanation to shew it as if it was indeed something of divinity beyond their reach?—No, Aglae; it does not need the solar powder of the cabalists, nor their doses of water, earth, or air, to exalt the fire within us, or to make the baser elements prevail over it. They said truly that light was the soul of all things; for when the Creator sent light, he sent Beauty into the world, and I act under its influence.”

“Delombre!” said the voice, in a shriller tone, “Thou hast spoken a word that assures me I am safe—Thou hast named thy Creator, who has formed nothing without some touch of good, therefore I will not fear though there is now no light except his presence.”—At that instant the stone barrier of the cave was forced back, and the Patriarch entered. Delombre felt all his peril, and the depth of his errors. He uttered a desperate oath of vengeance on his betrayer, and strove to seize the Patriarch’s throat. “Save that woman and yourself,” said the islander, calmly; “your slave has sold your life. I learned once to be a Christian, and have not forgotten what I learnt.”—Delombre fixed a ghastly and suspicious glance upon him. The islander only replied, “*God sees us!*” and put his axe into the Frenchman’s hand. In another instant the cave was filled with armed men guided by Azim. The unclouded moon shewed him their weapons, but the same moon shewed them the beautiful shadow of a woman standing as if hovering on a raised point of the rocks. While Delombre clove his treacherous slave’s head with one stroke of his axe, the Patriarch trampled on the burning pine-branch, hoping to prevent the aim

of the assassins. He was too late. An arrow whistled through the cavern, followed by a yell echoed on every side. All the islanders were assembled in the madness of excited rage, threatening, scoffing, and demanding his promised art. Aglae seized the half-extinguished pine-branch, and threw it among the heap of dry leaves and flowers collected for her couch. The pile sent up a column of fire, above which she appeared standing like the spirit of the element. Her outspread arms and pale countenance, gleaming in their deathly whiteness through its crimson volumes, struck the slaves of an unholy superstition with awe. They fled, uttering dismal shrieks, and a pause of silence and darkness followed. Aglae descended to her lover’s side. “Their boat is moored in the creek, Delombre, and they are far off!—Seize it, and escape while they still fear the fire-spirit—The continent is not far distant, and we can but die.”—She gave into his hands the chest of diamonds and a basket of the bread-fruit, but the Patriarch caught her in his arms, and ran to the creek, where his boat lay provisioned for a fishing voyage. He had scarcely pushed from the shore before the shouts and clang of the armed islanders was heard behind them. Well-managed oars and a rapid current carried them soon beyond reach, but the flash of fire-brands and the whizzing of arrows showed the fierce spirit of their enemies. “Such are men, then,” said Delombre, “without a God!”—He looked towards Aglae, but her frozen eye made him no answer. He raised her head—her long hair was stiff and matted, and lifting it from her throat he saw the broken point of an arrow fixed in it. “They were not deceived,” she said, smiling in her last agony—I have an immortal spirit!”—“I believe it *now*,” he answered,—and its creator must be a Divinity.”

V.

TOUR IN THE NETHERLANDS.

The Hague, Sept. 8.

BUT it is time to begin a description of ROTTERDAM. In point of cleanliness, it is about equal to an English town; the windows are cleaner, but that is from want of smoke. The wonderful accounts we read of excessive cleanliness; of its being forbidden to spit in the streets, &c. applies only to the village of Brock, and a few other place in a narrow district north of Amsterdam, called North Holland. The streets there are mere footpaths, no carriages being used except on the water.—

Sunday, Sept. 6.—At 10, went to the great Church of St. Lawrence, once the Cathedral. It is an old gothic building of brick. The congregation filled the centre, the nave, and side aisles; I suppose 2000 were present; the men wore their hats in sermon, though not in prayer. How different a scene from what was going on at Antwerp Cathedral, only 60 miles off. These people think it necessary to show their hatred of popery by going into a perverse extreme, and whilst the papist is prostrate before a wafer, the protestant is actually refusing that mark of respect to the House of God, which he would pay to that of a fellow creature. There are only four Churches; these belong to the reformed Calvinistic Religion or Establishment. Several places of worship belong to the Separatists. The principal of these are the Arminians, called here Remonstrants, because in the beginning of the 17th century they were persecuted, and on a remonstrance to the Synod of Dort, their tenets were ordered to be banished from Rotterdam. The majority at that time in Rotterdam were Arminians; they were expelled by military force, and for ten years the prohibition of arminianism continued. The Remonstrants have now two meeting-houses; the Roman Catholics five; the Jews have a large Synagogue; there are three English places of worship, the Church already

mentioned, a Presbyterian Arminian Chapel, and a Scotch one.

From St. Lawrence I went to the Presbyterian Meeting-house; the preacher was discoursing on 13th of 1st Corinthians, explaining the nature of Christian charity; he was dry and scarcely orthodox, but he said nothing from which his sentiments on main points could be very clearly collected. The English Church-bell was ringing for service to begin at 11, and I left him. The English Church went much out of repair during the revolutionary period, but is now neat within-side; there is a handsome organ with a positive.

On leaving Church, I crossed one of the canals in a ferry-boat, in company with at least twenty English gentlemen, and ladies; the fare was about 2-3rds of a farthing, but the thorough-fare is so great, that a ferry-man may earn 5s. in an hour. The value of a stiver is about a penny; there are copper coins worth about 1-16th of a stiver; silver coins, like bad sixpences, worth two stivers; silver coins worth 5½ stivers, others worth 11, and others worth a florin or guilder, rather more than two francs. The Sunday was strictly observed, all the shops were shut, and no windmills were going.

At two o'clock I went to the Scotch Chapel; it was thinly attended, not more than 100 in congregation, though the place would hold 500; about 100 spitting pots were placed in an anti-room for the men; smoking in chapel is not unusual, but spitting is indispensable. There are distinct seats for Captains, Mates, and Sailors, all billeted. When I entered the Chapel, the first hymn had been sung, and the preacher was in the prayer before sermon. His matter was superior to his manner: he had a broad Scotch dialect; his subject was, the Angel presenting a censer of incense with the prayers of all Saints before the altar. (Rev. c. viii. v. 3.) From this text at Antwerp a priest would have contrived to shew the pro-

priety of employing saints and angels as the medium of our intercessions, but the honest Scotchman managed it very differently. After sermon the precentor or clerk gave out from the Scotch paraphrase, "Behold the glories of the Lamb," to Irish tune, and after prayer another hymn to Easter hymn tune. The women sing agreeably. There are large quarto bibles in every pew, and the people turn to the texts quoted in sermon, just as in Scotland.

After he had finished, I went to St. Lawrence's; the Church was full in the morning. There were chairs in the centre of the nave, and pews on the sides; about 30 children were baptised.—After prayer, there was singing with the organ to a fine old dismal minor-key psalm tune; the organ in this Church is a mere skeleton. About 28 years ago they began to build an enormous organ, to rival that at Haarlem. The Revolution interrupted its progress; only the positive or choir organ is finished, but this is quite loud enough, and is sweet and agreeable. The case of the great organ, if filled with pipes, as originally intended, would pour out such a volume of sound, as would threaten to bring down the Church and part of the town. On the whole, the English services, and the English manners of the place, made me feel at home, notwithstanding 200 miles of

sea intervene between Rotterdam and Yorkshire. The men and women are not in general what we should call Dutch built; there is as large a proportion of thin and slim young persons as in England. The women are generally little and thin, but now and then we meet with Dutch women of a clumsy unshapely genuine Dutch form, such as is never seen in England. This clumsiness often appears in young women, and even in children; whether it is wearing out by intermixture in marriages with the English, French, and Germans, or from whatever cause, I do not think the number of clumsies is more than a twentieth of the whole. The women frequently adorn their heads with caps of gold under their ordinary caps, and to the gold plates, large pendant ornaments are fixed. But these are not worn by the higher classes, who copy the English and French mode of dressing. English is as much spoken here as French; the waiters at the Inns speak English best of the two, and there are English boarding-schools in the town. The learning our language forms an ordinary part of education. Our Inn is a very good one, and the cooking approaches nearly to the English; the meat is better fed and flavoured than in France, and is cooked naturally and without the previous extraction of its juices.—*Gent. June 1821.*

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH HIGH LIFE.

EXTRACTED FROM "JONATHAN KENTUCKY'S JOURNAL."

London, April 27th.

THE more I see of the English, the more I feel the justice of Voltaire's remark, who compared them to a hog-head of their own beer;—the top froth, the bottom dregs, the middle excellent. It has been observed by philosophers, that virtue is always seated in the mean between two extremes; so, in another sense, the little virtue in the world may be said to reside amongst the middle class of mankind, which may fairly be called the temperate zone of society; the inhabitants of which

being equally removed from the extremes of wealth and want, are neither allured by ambition nor driven by poverty to deviate from the straight road of integrity. The national character is much what one might expect from the national nick-name; and the nick-name of John Bull has, perhaps, not been without its use in fixing the national character. I have, indeed, for some time been half converted to the hypothesis of Walter Shandy, who asserted, "that there was a strange kind of magic bias impressed upon our characters

and conduct, by the choice and imposition of names. The instance of Christopher Columbus first staggered me: the one clearly indicating that he was to carry the Christian religion to the New World; the other having a no less clear reference to the *dove* which was sent out from the ark, and brought back the first intelligence of a world that had been hidden by the waters. Again, if we were to enquire what made *Mungo Park*, from his earliest years, cherish with so much eagerness the design of exploring the wilds of Africa; Mr. Shandy would answer—his godfathers and godmothers: and this explanation of the matter is, at least, as intelligible as the craniological system of Gall and Spurzheim, who would affect to trace all our inward propensities to certain outward protuberances, and draw out the chart of our lives from inspecting the maps of our skulls. Nay, there would even seem to be a secret meaning in the very letters of a name, which only require to be decomposed and newly arranged, to reveal the life and character to the wearer. Let those who may be disposed to laugh at this theory as fanciful, remember, that they might in this manner have read the history of the battle of the Nile at the christening of Horatio Nelson,—*Honor est à Nilo*.

But to return from this digression to John Bull. Let the English, if they are wise, cherish this nick-name, which, as I have before observed, has more influence than is commonly supposed upon the national morals and character, by unconsciously disposing every individual to illustrate, in his own person, the plain downright sincerity of manner, the straight-forward integrity of principle, and the hearty warmth of hospitality which have always been attributed to that ideal character.

May 1st. I had looked forward with some curiosity to a May-day in England, of which we read so much in books of poetry and romance. But alas! the age of poetry and romance is, like the age of chivalry, extinct. The Queen of the May is no longer to be seen in the pride and pomp of her

ancient state; unless, indeed, she be sought in my countryman Mr. Leslie's charming picture;—which the artist may study for its composition, the antiquary for its historical research, and the general observer for its sentiment and expression. The festivities of May-day now present little more than a tawdry crew of dancing chimney-sweepers, to whom the task of doing suitable honour to the fair divinity of the month seems, in these degenerate days, to be exclusively consigned. It is impossible to grudge these poor miserable victims of an ill-ordered system, the gleam of gladness which the anniversary of this festival imparts to them; but sallying out of my chamber with my imagination full of

Zephyr and Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying;—

I own I was something disconcerted by these sooty personifications of the creatures of my fancy, who reminded me rather of G. Selwin's witticism:—"I have often heard," said he, "of the *majesty* of the people, but I never till now saw any of the princes of the blood."

May 15. It is a common reproach against America to say that she is a new country, and, therefore, without any of those retrospective associations which exercise so powerful an influence over the inhabitants of the Old World. But how far is this from the truth! An American approaches the shores of England with all that veneration which is due to the country from which he has derived every thing that distinguishes him from the naked savage of the desert;—his religion, his philosophy, his laws, his literature, and his language:—

Salve magna Parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum, tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Ingredior sanctos ausus.—

We experience, indeed, a more vivid pleasure than the English themselves, from visiting those scenes which are consecrated to both alike, by the memory of the departed great and good that are associated with them. For instance; there is something in the daily familiarity of a Londoner with Westminster

Abbey, which must necessarily blunt the edge of his enthusiasm, and prevent his ever feeling the same glow of excitement, which the sight of this venerable relict of our common ancestors awakens in the bosom of an American visitor, who gazes at it

"Till the place

Becomes religion, and the heart runs o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!—
The dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns!"

It was under the influence of similar feelings that I entered for the first time into the gallery of the House of Commons. There is certainly nothing here in the "*architecture*," outside or inside, to excite admiration; for it is a small inconvenient room, very inadequate to the accommodation of its members, since the accession to their numbers from the union with Ireland. Still less is the appearance of the members themselves calculated to inspire respect; for with the exception of the Speaker, who is handsomely arrayed in a black gown and long wig, and three attendant clerks who are also begowned and bewigged, the house exhibits nothing more than some ranges of green benches, sparingly occupied with a few straggling members, lounging about in the most unceremonious postures, some with coloured cravats, others with dirty boots, and almost all (as if it were a Jewish synagogue) with their hats on. And yet, in spite of all this, there was something in the place that was overpowering. The "*bauble*" on the table conjured up the figures of Cromwell and Vane; and the mind glanced back in a moment to the days of Hampden and Pym, and Sidney and Russel; and I could not help giving way to a growing sentiment of self-importance at feeling myself within the same walls that had so recently echoed to the glorious eloquence of Pitt, and Fox, and Burke, and Sheridan. A printer was called to the bar to be examined; and my imagination immediately drew a picture of our own Franklin in the same place, defending the rights of mankind, while he advocated the cause of America.

3L ATHENEUM VOL. 9.

The Speaker takes the chair at four o'clock, but public business does not begin till six. One of my neighbours seemed desirous of whiling away the interval with a book; but this recreation was immediately interdicted by the guardians of the gallery, as disrespectful to the House. For my own part I was sufficiently amused with the novelty of the scene. The members, I observed, only wore their hats as long as they retained their seats; and even in getting up to change their places, which they are perpetually doing, they make an obeisance as they cross the floor of the House, to the Speaker's chair; which, raised as it is some steps from the ground, and surmounted with the king's arms, might almost pass for a throne. In the course of the evening a message was brought from the House of Lords, by two stately personages, whose heads were enveloped in the flowing honours which, in this country, always denote the higher orders of legal dignity. The whole parade of their reception, with the measured prostrations of person that marked each step of their advance and retreat, presented a ludicrous picture of extravagant ceremonial. And yet the English are remarkable for their quick sense of the ridiculous; and their travellers delight to laugh and jeer at what they call the "*mummery*" of other countries. Let me tell them that their masters in chancery bearing a message from the Lords, are much more like Noodle and Doodle than any thing that can be found within the Pope's chapel. I was disappointed in the oratory of the House; but I am aware how difficult it is to form a correct judgment from a single experiment. The prevailing fault seemed to me to be of the same kind with that which is imputed in Scripture to the prayers of the heathen—"who think they shall be heard for their much speaking." There was one speaker in particular, "which was a lawyer," who dealt unmercifully in that figure of rhetoric which has been called *triptology*; which consists in a continual repetition of the same thing under different synonyms three times over.

* * * * On Easter Monday, a party of holiday friends called to invite me to join them in a water expedition down to Greenwich. It is this part of its scenery that gives to London so great a superiority over Paris in grandeur and magnificence. The majestic march of the river, the solid splendour of the bridges, and the countless forest of masts through which you wind your course, overpower the mind with the ideas of an unlimited extent of wealth and power. An Englishman who wishes to impress a stranger with an admiration of London, should take him in a boat from Waterloo-bridge to the Custom-house ; the great room of which is indeed an imposing spectacle. The weather was beautiful, and nothing could be more propitious to the diversions of the Park. The trees were in their freshest green ;—the grass soft and dry ;—the day, in short, seemingly made on purpose for the lasses to roll down the hill with all due observances. The English, however, do not appear, to advantage in a holiday-scene. Those who were not drunk were dull ; and in the merriment of the former there was too much coarseness and brutality. The French are the people to figure at a fair ;—and a fête at St. Cloud exhibits that light-heeled and light-hearted nation in their most becoming point of view. The view from Greenwich-hill cannot well be surpassed. It reminds me of the description in the Scripture of that mountain from which the Devil “ shewed all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time.” Independently of the picturesque beauty of the scene, the mind of the spectator is lost in the contemplation of all the pride, pomp, and circumstance belonging to the great ones of the earth, that is here spread out with so much prodigality beneath his feet.

“ Oh thou resort and mart of all the earth,
Checker'd with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes ; in whom I see
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor.”

Nothing amused me more at the fair than to see the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with another of the cabinet ministers, arm-in-arm, mingled with the

crowd, in the very thick of the fun. I presume, if he had been recognised as the “ gentleman who laid on all the taxes,” it would have created no small alarm, especially among the “ little goes,” lest his visit should turn out to be a voyage of discovery in quest of ways and means for his next budget. * *

May 30. I have lately seen rather more than I wish of what is called *life* in London. It would be difficult to imagine a more heartless state of society, than that which now prevails in this overgrown metropolis ; consisting as it does, for the most part, of “ crowds without company, and dissipation without pleasure.” I do not, of course, mean to include in this sweeping censure those select cheerful companionable meetings, which form the peculiar boast of London hospitality. Of all the places in the world,—commend me to a *dinner* in London. To *feed* were best, perhaps, at a Restaurateur's in Paris, but there is no nation that understands how a dinner should be *given* like the English ;—where table-tactics and table-talk—conserves and converse—wit and wine—and all the happifying pleasures of social enjoyment, are carried to their highest point of gratification. The maxim of Lord Chesterfield seems still in force, who said that such a party should never be less than the number of the Graces, nor more than that of the Muses ! The same ideas of comfort, indeed, seem to have prevailed at a much earlier period ; and accordingly we find in Homer, that *eight* was the number of those illustrious compeers, whom Agamemnon invited to eat bull-beef with him ;—to wit, Menelaus, Nestor, Idomeneus, Diomed, the two Ajaxes, and Ulysses.

But to return from this digression. What can be more intolerably dull and stupid than the whole system of evening parties ? A crowd of people, composed of a motley mixture of all degrees and conditions, is collected together, and squeezed into a suite of rooms, utterly insufficient to accommodate above one half of them ; where they stand and stare at one another for three or four hours ;—and thus be-

gins and ends an evening party ! As the greater part of the assembly are not known to one another, no interchange but that of looks takes place between them ; and even amongst those who are mutually acquainted, in such a crowd, chairs and conversation are almost equally out of the question. I shall never forget the sensation of surprise that I felt in accepting the first invitation of this kind. For how was it possible that a card inscribed Mrs. * * * * at home, with the words *a very small party* carefully inserted in the corner, should prepare me to meet an overflowing multitude of three hundred persons, where the great object of the lady seemed to be to fill her house fuller than it could hold. My friend, Mrs. * * * *, stood at the door of the first room, acknowledging me, as I passed, with a bow of recognition,—and this was all I saw of my hostess. I was told there was dancing in a room to which I would willingly have forced my passage, in order to avoid hearing some very indifferent singing in the room where I was immovably planted during the greater part of the evening. Being a perfect stranger, I had little to say to any body, and therefore could not be much surprised that nobody had any thing to say to me ; but I own I was somewhat amazed at the almost universal silence around me. Gregarious without being sociable, no one seemed to know their next neighbour. Having endured this standing penance till my strength and patience were exhausted, I ventured at last to take a French leave ;—which I found, to my cost, that I might have done at an earlier period, without any violation of etiquette. For as I was searching in vain for my hat at the bottom of the stairs, a servant came to my assistance, asking, “What sort of a hat was your’s, Sir ?” “Quite a new one,” replied I. “Ah, Sir, then, you had better take your choice at once of those that are left, for all the new hats have been gone, at least, these two hours.”

Breakfasting the next morning with my friend * * *, who is reckoned one of the best *diners-out*, and the pleasantest *party-man* in town, I poured out the

full measure of my spleen, on describing the scene of the preceding night. “Why, all that,” said he, “may be very true ; and yet, when once entangled in the vortex of fashion, you would find it difficult to escape, even though every day’s experience should tend to impress you more strongly with your present conviction. This, I confess, has been my own case for some time. Almost in spite of myself, I am carried round and round the same dull circle of invitations. Let-in every where, and cared-for no where, I feel that no one is estimated according to his real merits, but only according to the station he may occupy in the calendar of fashion. It is fashion which stamps a man’s value and gives him currency,—and to be the fashion he must be either new or notorious. As long as novelty or notoriety last, he will, in the slang phraseology of the day, continue to be a *lion* ; and no lady will think her party complete without him ; but when these attractions are worn off, he must give place to the next nine-day wonder of the town, and be content to sink into the number of those whose attendance is less sought than permitted.” * * *

Some time after this conversation with * * *, I received a card of invitation to a ball and supper at the Argyle Rooms, which displayed a splendid scene of luxury and magnificence. It was impossible not to do homage to the blaze of British beauty that shone forth on all sides ; tho’ perhaps I saw nothing that might not be surpassed at New York, except in some few particulars where the superiority was rather due to the milliner and the dancing-master.

We espied * * * among the dancers, his cravat fashionably starched, his waist tightly skrewed ; in short, the same Lothario gallant and gay as ever. He soon joined our party. “So,” said he, “I find in spite of your preaching you cannot keep out of the vortex.” “Why,” said I, “I was persuaded to come, thinking that, as a foreigner, I ought to see one of your best balls, among the rest of your national curiosities.” “How lightly you seem to think,” said he, “of the honour conferred upon you by the invitation. It is well you are not to

settle in London, for you would certainly never get on in the world. Little do you think of the pains and patience, the wriggling, and creeping, and crawling, that are often used, and used in vain, to gain admission into the number of that self-constituted set who take the lead and give the tone to London society. I really doubt whether it would not require less interest to make you a member of parliament than a member of Almack's. It is not easy even to get a ticket to the French play and ball, which is held weekly at these rooms, though this from its subordinate fashion is sarcastically entitled *The Refuge for the Destitute*;—nor should you be insensible of the honour conferred upon you to-night. Of the seven hundred people now that you see here, how many do you suppose are asked by the lady in whose house and at whose expense the entertainment is given?" "How many?" said I, "surely I don't understand the question. Who else should ask them?" "Let me explain this matter," said he, "and then you will perceive how useful it is to a foreign traveller to have a native interpreter at his elbow, on all occasions, to enable him to penetrate beneath the surface; else he will only see the puppets playing, without any suspicion of the secret strings which really regulate their motions. You have perhaps already discovered that in England few people

look straight-forward; in the political world some look downwards; but, in the fashionable world, *all* look upwards. The great object of the ostensible hostess of the evening, Mrs. —, has been to rise a step in the scale of society; and to get within the range of that magic circle from which she has hitherto been excluded. To accomplish her purpose, she has given this splendid gala, but she was obliged to delegate the office of issuing invitations to four lady patronesses, who condescendingly undertook to procure the attendance of the *haut-ton*, and allowing the lady herself, as a mark of special favour, to ask *fifty* of her own friends, reserved to themselves the absolute disposal of the remaining six hundred and fifty tickets. The lady has so far gained her object, that to-morrow morning all these proud peeresses and titled dandies will leave their cards at her door; and she *may* be comprehended in their future invitations, but she will certainly lose the good will of her old friends, who cannot but feel offended at their present exclusion; so that, despised by her old associates, and disdained by her new acquaintance, the balance-sheet will not prove much in her favour."

"Well Jonathan," said I to myself, "things are not yet come to this pass in America;" and so wishing * * * good-night, I returned home to moralize upon the vanity of human nature.

THE EGYPTIAN TOMB.*

By the Rev. W. L. Bowles.

Pomp of Egypt's elder day,
Shade of the mighty pass'd away,
Whose giant works still frown sublime
Mid the twilight shades of time;
Fanes, of sculpture vast and rude,
That strew the sandy solitude,
Lo! before our startled eyes,
As a wizard's wand ye rise,
Glimm'ring larger through the gloom!
While on the secrets of the tomb,
Rapt in other times, we gaze,
The Mother Queen of ancient days,
Her mystic symbol in her hand,
Great *Isis* seems herself to stand.

From mazy vaults, high arch'd and dim,
Hark! heard ye not Osiris' hymn?

And saw ye not in order dread
The long procession of the dead?
Forms that the night of years conceal'd,
As by a flash are here reveal'd;
Chiefs, who sung the victor song,
Sceptred kings, a shadowy throng!
From slumber of three thousand years
Each as in life and light appears,
Stern as of yore! Yes, Vision vast,
Three thousand years have silent pass'd,
Suns of Empire risen and set,
Whose story Time can ne'er forget,
Since in the morning of her pride,
Immense, along the Nile's green side,
The City of the Sun appear'd,
And her gigantic image rear'd.

* Brought to England by Belzoni the traveller.

As her own Memnon, like a trembling string,
When the sun with rising ray
Streak'd the lonely desert gray,
Sent forth its magic murmuring,
That just was heard, then died away ;
So pass'd, O Thebes ! thy morning pride,
Thy glory was the sound that died !

Dark city of the desolate !
Once thou wert rich, and proud, and great.
This busy peopled Isle was then
A waste, or roam'd by savage men,
Whose gay descendants now appear
To gaze upon thy wreck of glory here.

Phantom of that city old !
Whose mystic spoils we now behold,
A kingdom's sepulchre—oh say !
Shall Albion's own illustrious day
Thus darkly close ? her power, her fame
Thus pass away, a shade, a name ?
The Mausoleum murmur'd as I spoke,
A spectre seem'd to rise, like tow'ring smoke.
It answer'd not, but pointed as it fled,
To the black carcase of the sightless dead.
Once more I heard the sounds of earthly strife,
And the streets ringing to the stir of life.

May 19, 1821.

HUMBOLDT'S AND BONPLAND'S TRAVELS.

THIS journal is so pregnant with instructive and interesting matter, that we could hardly, as we think, place any thing better before our readers, though we might be more instant with a greater variety of novelty. We therefore continue our extracts. The following is a curious account of the *Indian Rubber* :—"Here (says Mr. H. at the mission of St. Balthasar on the Atabapo) we saw, for the first time, that white and fungous substance, which I have made known by the name of *dapicho* and *zupis*. We immediately perceived, that it was analogous to the *elastic resin* ; but, as the Indians made us understand by signs, that it was found under ground, we were inclined to think, till we arrived at the mission of Javita, that the *dapicho* was a fossil caoutchouc, though different from the elastic bitumen of Derbyshire. A poimisano Indian, seated by the fire, in the hut of the missionary, was employed in reducing the *dapicho* into black caoutchouc. He had spitted several bits on a slender stick, and was roasting them like meat. The *dapicho* blackens in proportion as it grows softer, and gains in elasticity. The resinous and aromatic smell, which filled the hut, seemed to indicate, that this coloration is the effect of the decomposition of a carburet of hydrogen, and that the carbon appears in proportion as the hydrogen burns at a low heat. The Indian beat the softened and blackened mass with a piece of brazil wood, ending in form of a club ; he then kneaded the *dapicho* into balls of three or four inches in diameter, and

let it cool. These balls exactly resemble the caoutchouc of the shops, but their surface remains in general slightly viscous. They are used at San Balthasar in the Indian game of tennis, which is so celebrated among the inhabitants of Uruana and Encaramada ; they are cut into cylinders, to be used as corks, and are far preferable to those made of the bark of the cork-tree."

Soon after, the traveller obtained precise information respecting this substance :—it was shown them at the depth of two or three feet, in a marshy soil, "between the roots of two trees known by the name of the *jacio* and the *curvana*. The first is the hevea of Aublet, or siphonia of the modern botanists, known to furnish the caoutchouc of commerce in Cayenne and the Grand Para ; the second has pinnate leaves, and its juice is milky, but very thin, and almost destitute of viscosity. The *dapicho* appears to be the result of an extravasation of the sap from the roots. This extravasation takes place more especially when the trees have attained a great age, and the interior of the trunk begins to decay. The bark and alburnum crack ; and thus is effected naturally, what the art of man performs to collect in abundance the milky juices of the hevea, the castilloa, and the caoutchouc fig tree."

The River Temi, near the banks of which this production is found in sufficient quantities to supply all Europe, runs through forests which overshadow it in so wild and luxuriant a manner

as almost to mingle together the creatures of the several elements of air, earth, and water, and realize the classic images :

Sæculum Pyrrhæ, nova monstra questæ;
 Omne quum Proteus pecus egit altos
 Visere montes ;
 Piscium et summa genus hæsit ulmo,
 Nota quæ sedes fuerat Columbis,
 Et superjecto pavidæ natarunt,
 Æquore damæ.

"The Indians (says Mr. H.) made us leave the bed of the river ; and we went up towards the south, across the forest, through paths (*sendas*), that is, through open channels of four or five feet broad. The depth of the water seldom exceeds half a fathom. These *sendas* are formed in the inundated forest-like paths on dry ground. The Indians, in going from one mission to another, pass with their boats as much as possible by the same way ; but the communications not being frequent, the force of vegetation sometimes produces unexpected obstacles. An Indian, furnished with a *machette* (a great knife, the blade of which is fourteen inches long), stood at the head of our boat employed continually in chopping off the branches that cross each other from the two sides of the channel. In the thickest part of the forest we were astonished by an extraordinary noise. On beating the bushes a shoal of *tonias* (fresh water dolphins) four feet long, surrounded our boat. These animals had concealed themselves beneath the branches of a fromager or bombax ceiba. They fled across the forest, throwing out those spouts of compressed air and water, which have given them in every language the name of *blowers*. How singular was this spectacle in the middle of the land, three or four hundred leagues from the mouths of the Oroonoko and the Amazon ! I am not ignorant, that the pleuronectes of the Atlantic go up the Loire as far as Orleans ; but I persist in thinking, that the dolphins of the Temi, like those of the Ganges, and like the skate (*raia*) of the Oroonoko, are of species essentially different from the dolphins and skates of the ocean. In the immense rivers of South Amer-

ica, and the great lakes of North America, Nature seems to repeat several pelagic forms. The Nile has no porpoises : those of the sea go up the Delta no farther than Biana and Metonbis toward Selamoun."

But these *fishes among the woods*, though the most singular, were not the most ungrateful of the animal creation to the startled Europeans. About this region they had to stop to be cured of an evil under which they suffered for two days. The author thus describes it :—"We felt an extraordinary irritation on the joints of the fingers, and on the backs of our hands. The missionary told us it was caused by the *aradores* (ploughman insects), which get under the skin. We could distinguish with a lens nothing but streaks, or parallel and whitish furrows. It is the form of these furrows, that has obtained this insect the name of *ploughman*. A mulatto woman was sent for who boasted of being thoroughly acquainted with all the little insects, that burrow in the human skin ; the *chego*, the *nuche*, the *coya*, and the *arador* ; she was the *curandera*, the physician of the place. She promised to extirpate the insects, that caused this smarting irritation, one by one. She heated at a lamp the point of a little bit of very hard wood, and dug with this point the furrows that marked the skin. After long researches, she announced with the pedantic gravity peculiar to the mulatto race, that an *arador* was found. I saw a little round bag, which I suspected to be the egg of an acarus. I was to find relief, when the mulatto woman had succeeded in taking out three or four of these *aradores*. Having the skin of both hands filled with acari, I had not patience to wait the end of an operation, which had already lasted till late at night. The next day an Indian of Javita cured us radically, and with surprising promptitude."—The medicament consisted of an infusion of a shrub called *uzao*.

The annexed notice of the religious opinions of the natives has something very sublime in it :—"The nations of the Upper Oroonoko, the Atabapo, and the Inirida, like the ancient Germans

and the Persians, have no other worship than that of the powers of nature. They call the good principle *Cachimana*; it is the *Manitou*, the Great Spirit, that regulates the seasons, and favours the harvests. By the side of *Cachimana* there is an evil principle, *Iolokiamo*, less powerful, but more artful, and in particular more active. The Indians of the forest, when they visit occasionally the missions, conceive with difficulty the idea of a temple or image. "These good people," said the missionary, "like only processions in the open air. When I last celebrated the patron festival of my village, that of San Antonio, the Indians of Inirida were present at mass. 'Your God,' said they to me, 'keeps himself shut up in a house, as if he were old and infirm; ours is in the forest, in the fields, and and on the mountains of Sipapu, whence the rains come.'" Among the more numerous, and on this account less barbarous tribes, religious societies of a singular kind are formed. Some old Indians pretend to be better instructed than others in what regards the divinity; and to them is confined the famous *botuto*, of which I have spoken, and which is sounded under the palm-trees, that they may bear abundance of fruit. On the banks of the Oroonoko there exists no idol, as among all the nations who have remained faithful to the first worship of nature, but the *botuto*, the sacred trumpet, is become

an object of veneration. To be initiated into the mysteries of the *botuto*, it is requisite to have pure manners, and to have lived single. The initiated are subjected to flagellations, fastings, and other painful exercises. There are but a small number of these sacred trumpets. The most anciently celebrated is that upon a hill near the confluence of the Tomo and the Guainia. It is pretended, that it is heard at once on the banks of the Tuamini, and at the mission of San Miguel de Davipe, a distance of ten leagues. Father Cereso assured us, that the Indians speak of the *botuto* of Tomo as an object of worship common to many surrounding tribes. Fruit and intoxicating liquors are placed by the sacred trumpet. Sometimes the Great Spirit (*Cachimana*) himself makes the *botuto* resound; sometimes he is content to manifest his will by him, to whom the keeping of the instrument is entrusted. These juggleries being very ancient (from the fathers of our fathers, say the Indians), we must not be surprised, that some incredulous are already to be found; but these express their disbelief of the *botuto* only in whispers. Women are not permitted to see this marvellous instrument; and are excluded from all the ceremonies of this worship. If a woman have the misfortune to see the trumpet, she is put to death without mercy."

EXCURSION THROUGH NORTH WALES.

A LITTLE way beyond Dinas Mowddwg the country becomes rugged and gloomy. A thick wood on the left, bounded by a chain of dark heather hills, is a conspicuous feature in the landscape, and some importance in the traditionary annals of Merionethshire. In this dismal district many a daring deed of crime and cruelty has been perpetrated. About the middle of the sixteenth century, this neighbourhood, and more especially this wood, was infested by a gang of desperate and fearless outlaws. The extent and audacity

of their depredations are almost incredible in the present day, but in this wild and retired part of the kingdom they had many opportunities of carrying into execution acts of violence and plunder. They were, indeed, a bold and lawless set, bidding defiance to all power, both constituted and personal, and no one was secure from their audacious rapacity. Yet their conduct, will, perhaps, admit of some trifling extenuation. The chief of this licentious clan was originally a respectable and wealthy landholder, possessed of considerable

property, and leading a quiet and unostentatious life amid the secluded glens of his native mountains. His sister, a female of great beauty, attracted the attention of an individual of rank and power, whose name is now lost in oblivion. He sought her in marriage, but her heart and hand were already engaged to a more youthful and favoured lover. Her noble suitor (for noble tradition says he was) could not brook her denial, and not long afterwards, the sister of the chieftain of the Black Wood (so was her brother commonly called) was missing in the halls of her fathers. It was soon discovered that the offended wooer had borne her by force to his own residence, and her brother and his kinsmen lost no time in delivering her out of his power. In this they easily succeeded, but they were too late to prevent the perpetration of a base and ungenerous crime; and the lady, unable to survive the loss of her virtue, sunk into the grave in the bloom of youth and loveliness. Her brother and his partisans, burning to revenge this dishonour on the family, took signal and summary vengeance on this rash aggressor; his house was destroyed, and his lands laid waste, and his life eagerly sought after by the enraged and choleric Welshmen. A petty warfare was thus carried on between the two families or rather clans, in which the greater number of the neighbouring inhabitants took part on one side or the other, and after the death of the ravisher, the chieftain of the Black Wood, chafed, as he had been, into guilt, and incited by the deadly wrong he had sustained, waged unsparing war against all his species, his own followers alone excepted, strengthened his course by seeking the adherence of all the turbulent spirits in the country, and became so formidable that the public roads in the vicinity of its haunts were deserted, and its immediate neighbourhood converted into a dismal scene of waste and desolation. The Banditti of the Black

Wood, as they were called, followed their nefarious practices for many years, and almost with impunity. It happened, however, that two members of this licentious fraternity were apprehended, and brought to Dinas Mowddwg for trial, the assizes for Merionethshire being then held there. They were accused of robbery, found guilty and condemned. The judge, Lewis Owen, one of the Welsh Exchequer Barons, ordered their immediate execution, but was earnestly implored by their mother (they were brothers) to extend some little mercy towards her unhappy sons. She prayed for a short respite, and brought forward their extreme youth in extenuation of their guiltiness. But the Baron was inflexible, and would not hearken to her importunate entreaties. The old woman, enraged at his unbending decision, and in an agony of despair, bared her neck, and exposing her wrinkled bosom, told the stern judge, that "Her yellow breasts had given suck to those who would surely revenge the death of their comrades, and," continued the beldame, "there are yet enough left to wash their hands in thy heart's best blood!" And she she did not predict erroneously. The following year, as Baron Owen was passing that way, he was assailed by some of the banditti, dragged into the wood, and mercilessly dispatched. As the robbers were returning from the murder, it occurred to one of them, that they had not fulfilled the whole of the old woman's denunciation. It was therefore proposed that they should return and do so; and two or three of the most sanguinary and ferocious accordingly turned back, cut into the body with their daggers, and actually *washed their hands in the blood of their victim!** The horror which this diabolical deed spread throughout the country, roused the slumbering vigilance of government, and the dispersion of the banditti was the necessary

* A part of the wood is pointed out by the peasant, as the spot where this horrid act was committed. Tradition says, that the robbers had felled some trees, and fixed them across the road in this place to prevent the baron from proceeding onwards. It is called from this circumstance, "Llidiardy Barwn," or *the Baron's Gate*.

consequence. Many were hanged in the neighbourhood of Dinas Mowddwg, and the rest left the country to return no more. The fate of the chieftain of this lawless horde is not known. It is generally conjectured that he quitted the country after the destruction of his formidable band. We must not omit

to mention that these outlaws were particularly renowned for their skill in archery. Like the merry men of Sherwood, their grey-goose shafts seldom told in vain, and their principal weapons appear to have been the bow, the sword, and the dagger.† *Mon. Mag.*

NEWS FROM PARNASSUS.

LORD Byron, in a Letter lately published, has come forward as the champion of the poetical as well as the personal fame of Mr. Pope; both of which, it seems, have been unduly aspersed by the Rev. Mr. Bowles. We are aware that the personal character of an author has nothing to do with the value of his literary productions; otherwise Bacon has written in vain, and the palm of genius must have remained in the hands of many whose very names have been long sunk in oblivion. But, though neither the accusations of Mr. Bowles nor the defence of Lord Byron, in regard to the private conduct of Mr. Pope,—though neither the censures of the one nor the panegyrics of the other, with respect to his works, can possibly retard or accelerate the stream of Time on which his name is borne along to successive generations, yet we must confess that we are gratified with the tone and manner of his lordship's animadversions. They demonstrate that, if he has occasionally lost sight of good taste in his own productions, he is not yet insensible to its charm in the writings of others; and, in this view, his letter almost compensates for the vulgar and indecent ribaldry of *Don Juan*.

It is now nearly a century since the appearance of the *Dunciad*. Its heroes have been long forgotten, but their race is not yet extinct. The dunces of the present day are eager to avenge the discomfiture of their ancestors; and, in proof of the system of Mr. Malthus, the hungry swarm appear to be continually increasing in a geometrical progression.

The system of warfare, too, as well as the characters of the combatants, is materially different. It is not against Mr. Pope alone that their hostilities are directed. They are revolutionary Vandals in the region of poetry; and would strip the Temple of Fame of almost all those venerable statues which have so long been dear to the Muses. The prosaic puerilities and fifteen-syllable lines of these ephemeral poetasters would be pleasingly ludicrous, were it not for the power which they have acquired over the young and the ignorant. In possession of reviews, magazines, and newspapers, they interchange their silly criticisms and fulsome praises of the writings of one another, as if such impertinent effusions were the offspring of taste or the dictates of wisdom. They talk of *simplicity* until their stripling readers become enamoured of vulgarity, and of *sublimity* until their brains are heated with mysticism or stupified with absurdity.

Surrounded by this apparent vacuity of intellect, we are glad to recognize, at intervals, a disciple of what is now termed *the Old School*. One of this class has just come under our review in an octavo volume, entitled "*Contemplation, with other Poems, by Alexander Balfour.*" We are not of the number of those hirelings who deal out indiscriminate praise, but we believe that we may say, with truth, that, whatever may be the faults of these poems, they contain many beauties, such as neither Pope, Goldsmith,

† A house formerly occupied by one of the clan is still remaining, and at present, we are informed, the property of Sir W. W. Wynn. If we mistake not, the descendants of its old outlawed occupier are now living there, a fine, healthy, hard-working family.

nor Grey would have blushed to own. With this opinion of their merits, we believe that we shall render a service to our readers, by presenting them with an analysis of the work.

"Contemplation" is the first poem in the collection, and has, therefore, given its name to the publication, although it occupies only a small portion of the volume. It contains much vivid description, but the measure appears too rapid for the solemnity of the subjects. It is divided, in the modern manner, into twenty-seven portions, each of which, as a separate poem, will be read with pleasure; but, taken together, they have no connecting thread to assist the memory, and, consequently "the curiosity is not excited by suspense or expectation." The poem opens with the following stanza:

Nymph with musing, heaven-ward eye,
Mild as Autumn's evening sky;
On whose cheek the faded rose
Has left a tint that faintly glows;
Lips to gentle accents given;
Wandering thoughts that rest on heaven;
Banished aye from Folly's bowers;
Scorned in Pleasure's rosy hours;
Haunting oft the Hermit's cell,
Shady grove, and rocky dell;
 wooing Morning's orient beam,
Watching twilight's purple gleam,
Where the birch nods o'er the rill,
That bubbling leaves the heath-clad hill;
Contemplation, let thy smile
Banish Care, and Grief beguile;
Though no mirthful joys are thine,
Be thy tranquil musings mine:
Behold, where pensive, kneeling at thy fane,
An humble votary pours the heartfelt strain!

II.

Erst, in life's delightful spring,
Blithe I joined the sportive ring:
When the evening sun serene,
 wooed me to the village green;
Softly stole the passing hour;
Sweetly breathed each blossomed flower;
Brighter glowed the western sky;
Gladness beamed in every eye.
Lightly then the turf I trod,
Brushed the daisy-dappled sod;
Mingling with the rustic throng,
Listening to the Doric song;
Cheerful age, and jocund youth,
Rural mirth, and artless truth;
Buxom health, and labour gay,
Beauty fair, and sweet as May;
All delighted, all combined,
Joined to cheer the vacant mind:
Calm Content was ever there;
Hope that sketched the future fair!

While bright in Fancy's vista, opening far,
The meteor Pleasure seemed a rolling star.

Changed these sunny sprightly days;
Vanished Fancy's fairy blaze;
Now the witching dream is o'er;
Hope's gay visions seem no more;
Pleasure's meteor light decayed,
Sinking in oblivion's shade.

The scenery described in this poem is real, not imaginary. The reader who has wandered along the wild shores, in the neighbourhood of Aberbrothick in Scotland, or mused amid the romantic ruins of its venerable Abbey, will acknowledge the pictures to be true to nature. He will remember the very spot

Where the gray cliff rises steep,
Rudely frowning o'er the deep;
Seated midst its mosses hoar,
While the sulien surges roar,
And the sea-birds flutter by,
Screaming wild, with ceaseless cry,
Or, triumphant, proudly ride,
Rising on the rolling tide;
Echo from her pebbly cave,
Answering to each murmuring wave;
While afar, on Ocean's breast,
Small, as sky-lark o'er her nest,
Seems the sail in distant view,
Till it fade in ether blue;
There, I'll own my sacred sway,
And muse my anxious cares away.

Haply night, in sable vest,
Curtains o'er the crimsoned west;
Hill and dale, earth, sea, and sky
Blending, deep in darkness lie;
All the pleasing prospect round,
Plunged in midnight gloom profound;
Save where shines, at distance far,
Bright as vesper's beamy star,
A cheering ray, so bright, so fair,
It seems like Hope, to chase Despair.
'Tis the Bell rock's beacon light,
Beaming from its airy height;
Pointing to the sailor's eyes,
Secret rocks, that near him rise:
Seas may roll, and winds may blow,
Still it shines, with friendly glow:
Mountain billows vainly rave,
Still its light illumines the wave,
Shews, that spreading wide beneath,
Lurks perdition, danger, death.

Following this poem of "Contemplation," we have nine elegies of various merit. The first, "Written on Lomond Hill," is well calculated to excite interest, as referring, particularly, to the fate of the hapless Mary, Queen of Scotland. The verses "Written among the Ruins of the Royal Palace of Falkland," are beautiful, but remind

us rather too forcibly of Cunningham. The Elegy on a "Withered Hawthorn Tree" pleases us best, principally, perhaps, because we recollect nothing that resembles it by any other writer. We wish we could find room for the whole, but we must content ourselves with an extract.

Thy youthful honours spread in Summer's pride,
With gay green leaves, and snow white blossoms
crowned ;
While kindred branches waved on every side,
And friendly elms cast their broad shadows round ;
The dark-green fir, to shield thee from the blast,
And towering pine, perennial verdure spread :
The beech, abroad his sheltering arms would cast ;
And mountain-ash display his berries red ;
Her golden flowers the gay laburnum hung ;
The weeping birch, at morn, her fragrance gave ;
Beneath thy shade, the scented primrose sprung ;
And Leven flowed, thy spreading roots to lave ;
The goldfinch twittered from thy branches green,
And in thy bosom built her downy nest ;
At early morn, the mavis oft was seen
Pressing thy blossoms to her speckled breast.
The pearly dew that gemmed thy virgin flowers
Was oft, at midnight, brushed by hands unseen,
And borne in cowslip cups, to fairy bowers,
As morning nectar for the elfin queen.
In Summer's eve, beneath thy fragrant shade,
Love whispered soft, or heaved the secret sigh ;
While not a star the conscious blush betrayed,
Nor moon-beam glistened on the tell-tale eye :
* * * * *
Though changing seasons doomed thee oft to mourn,
Thy foliage swept by ruffian winds away ;
'Twas but to wait the genial Spring's return,
Again to wanton in the sweets of May.
Alas ! that spring returns to thee no more !
Thy sweets no longer scent the dews of morn ;
These withered arms proclaim thy triumph o'er :
The woodland songsters now, thy shelter scorn.
Where once the mavis poured his mellow lay,
To hail the morn, thy scented flowers among,
The raven sits, upon thy naked spray,
And hoarsely boding, croaks thy funeral song.
No more by moonlight, on the daisied grass
Shall tiny fairies thrid the mazy dance,
Beneath thy shade ; or o'er the blossoms pass,
And in the dew-drops smile with magic glance.
Decayed, deserted, doomed alone to pine,
The silent lapse of Time condemned to prove ;
Beneath thy shade no more shall youth reel in,
To whisper soft the tender tale of love.

There are two odes. To them who relish this species of composition, the "Ode to Folly" will not be uninteresting. There are also "Hymns from Scripture" (only seven pages) which

may be compared, not disadvantageously, with those of Dr. Watts. "It is sufficient to have done better than others what no man has done well."

We now come to the "Miscellanies," of which it would be difficult to give a general character. Many of them appear to us to be extremely beautiful, and, perhaps, some, which we do not include in the number of our favourites, may be still more agreeable to other minds. The thought of the following is said to be taken from Delille's "L'Homme du Champs," but it certainly is not a servile translation :

*On the Custom of planting Flowers on the
Graves of departed Friends.*

To 'scape from chill Misfortune's gloom,
From palsied Age, and joyless years,
To sleep, where flowrets round us bloom,
Can such a fate deserve our tears ?

Since in the tomb, our cares, our woes,
In dark Oblivion buried lie,
Why paint that scene of calm repose,
In figures painful to the eye ?

The wiser Greeks, with chaste design,
Pourtrayed a nymph in airy flight,
Who, hovering o'er the marble shrine,
Reversed a taper's trembling light.

To die—what is in death to fear ?
'Twill decompose my lifeless frame !
A power unseen, still watches near,
To light it with a purer flame :

And when anew, that flame shall burn,
Perhaps, the dust that lies enshrined,
May rise a woodbine o'er the urn,
With verdant tendrils round it twined.

How must the anxious bosom beat,
That sighs at Death's resistless power,
A faithful friend again to meet,
Fresh blooming in a spotless flower.

It sure would thrill the lover's heart,
When kneeling on his fair one's grave,
To feel the lily's breath impart
The raptured kiss his Myra gave !

The love that in my bosom glows,
Will live, when I shall long be dead ;
And haply, tinge some budding rose,
That blushes o'er my grassy bed.

O thou, who hast so long been dear !
When I cease to smile on thee,
I know that thou wilt linger near,
With pensive soul to sigh for me.

Yes, *Laura*, come ! and with thee bring
To soothe my shade, young flowrets fair ;
Give them around my grave to spring,
And watch them with a lover's care :

Thy gentle hand will sweets bestow,
Transcending Eden's boasted bloom ;
Each flower with brighter tints shall glow,
When Love and Beauty seek my tomb.

And when the rose-bud's gentle breath,
With virgin fragrance scents the air,
Imagine me released from Death,
And all my soul still hovering there.

Inhale the dewy sweets at morn,
For they to thee shall transport give ;
Thus *Edwin's* love on odours borne,
Still in his *Laura's* breast shall live.

When we began this analysis we intended to have given many more extracts, but we find that we have already nearly filled the space which was allotted us. The verses "To a Primrose" and "To a Robin," are exquisitely tender ; the latter more peculiarly so, as alluding to the situation of the author ;—his pecuniary prospects unexpectedly blasted by adverse circumstances, and his limbs rendered torpid by paralysis ; while the mind remains unimpaired to brood over his misfortunes. There are a few Scotch poems, solely, it would seem, to make us regret that there are not more. But we must close the volume, and we do as the author himself has done :

CONCLUSION.

A sad, a long farewell—dear, artless lyre ;
My trembling hand now vainly strikes thy strings ;
The frost of age has chilled my wonted fire ;
No longer glides the stream from Fancy's springs :

And waving wide her raven-coloured wings,
Dull Melancholy hovers o'er my head ;
Parent of phantom shapes, and shadowy things,
That crowd the path my weary feet must tread,
With visionary forms—of joys for ever fled.
For Mem'ry still, with fond regret, will rove
By sea-beat shore, grey rock, or winding stream :
Again she guides me to the woodland grove,
Where Fancy whispered many a youthful dream ;
But ah ! it is the meteor's fleeting gleam,
Portentous, shooting o'er a stormy sky ;
Where no kind star displays its cheering beam,
To glad the weary wanderer's hopeless eye,
Or point his trackless way, where dreary deserts lie.
For ah ! no more to me the boon is given,
To mark the varied charms of Nature's face ;
Abroad, to breathe the balmy air of heaven,
My fond eye gazing over ample space :
From virgin Spring, to Autumn's matron's grace,
To me, alas ! each blossom blows in vain ;
No more my feet the mountain path can trace,
Nor brush the dew-drops from the daisied plain ;
My trembling limbs fast lock'd in adamant chain !
And yet, these limbs in chilling torpor bound,
A shade can startle—and a breath can shake ;
The throbbing heart heaves at a passing sound,
As ruffling winds disturb the glassy lake ;
At trivial ills the shattered frame will quake,
Each quivering nerve with keen sensation thrill,
And feelings exquisite, to anguish wake.
The sigh, the tear, triumphing o'er the will,
While Reason vainly tries, to hush the tempest still.
Yet, kind companion of my happier days,
Thou hast not scorned me in this evil hour ;
Thy song has soothed me in the wildering maze,
And strewed my tiresome couch with many a flower.

Enchantress ! stay—haply, thy magic power
Again may chase my lingering hours of care ;
May shew my sorrows, like an April shower—
A passing cloud, the pilgrim to prepare
For scenes of endless day, and skies for ever fair.

REMINISCENTIA

OF REMARKABLE CHARACTERS OF THE LAST AGE.

The following anecdote of Sterne was narrated to me by my late uncle, Mr. Geo. Smith, of St. Saviour's Church-yard, and, as the value of such biographical gleanings depends entirely upon their genuineness, I think it proper to state that my above relation was an eye witness, as well as his elder brother, the late highly respected Thomas Smith, sen. who died alderman and father of the city of York in 1810.

Black Swan-yard, Bermondsey-street.

ENORT SMITH.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF STERNE.

DURING the time that this celebrated character was one of the prebendaries of York, his Royal Highness Edward, late Duke of York, paid a visit to the Cathedral, one Sunday, purposely to hear him preach. Such an occurrence drew together more than an ordinary congregation, most of whom were well acquainted with Sterne's peculiar powers

as a preacher, and who well knew how beautifully his mind could meander through the diversities of every subject.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

His Royal Highness was observed to enter his pew with a most complacent smile on his countenance, anticipating, no doubt, a few of those well strung compliments being paid him,

such as servile genius too often dishonours itself in bestowing upon mere worldly rank and exterior splendour : but the preacher shewed himself in a far different light from that of a flatterer and fawner upon power. He felt the due importance of his sacred office, and with a voice well suited to the solemnity of the occasion, he pronounced to his numerous and admiring audience the following forcible text :—" It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes."

Never did the genius of Yorick display itself more divinely. His discourse was a master-piece of well-tempered, acute reasoning, aiming its golden shafts with irresistible force and acumen against the vain corruption and superciliousness which too often sway the bosoms of the mighty in this life. On this occasion the patron of Falconers sat abashed, with his eyes fixed on the ground ; his features reddened with confusion, and perhaps inwardly working with shame. I hope he felt as he ought, and that the lecture was not lost upon him ; and I sincerely wish we had a few more such honest interpreters of Divinity as Sterne ; who could dare to waive all distinctions whenever morality requires it—and who had courage to hurl on the heads of high-raised licentiousness and depravity, the thunderbolts of Christian reproof and admonition, shewing that it is not in the outward glare of circumstances that their weight in society *must* be found ; but I may venture to assert, that it is virtue alone that can adjust the cords of worldly power, so as to render their owners happy and their possessions secure, in those sublunary concerns which they are superiorly connected with, in this " vale of harassing trials," to the rest of mankind.

MR. THOMAS BENTLEY, MR. DOBBS, *late Member for Charlemont, in Ireland, BELL the Life Guardsman, &c.*

Mr. THOS. BENTLEY was a general dealer in his native town of Sudbury, in Suffolk, which he quitted about the year 1790, to open a warehouse in London. Probably he had been al-

ways of a religious turn, but it is certain that a few years before he came to town, he suddenly conceived that almost every innocent enjoyment in life was sinful, and, as such, that it was his duty to publish his sentiments to the world. To obviate the objection that he preached in opposition to his own practice, he first stripped his house of pictures, prints, &c. which he insisted upon destroying, because, as he urged in answer to the objections of Mrs. Bentley, they might otherwise become the cause of sin in others. His next object was to alter his dress to the resemblance of that worn by the Friends, excepting that instead of the *best* and *finest*, he preferred the worst and the coarsest. From the same principles, when females came to his shop to purchase any of the best of linen &c., he would recommend them not to do so, but to purchase double the quantity of some inferior kind, in order that they might be enabled to give the other half away.

This conduct, no doubt, rendered it necessary to leave the shop at Sudbury ; but as Mr. Bentley was not independent, he for some years had a warehouse in town. In the meantime, his admonitions to the world were not confined to speaking, a privilege of which he availed himself wherever he might be, but he published at his own expense a number of pamphlets, hand-bills, letters, &c. Some of the latter were addressed 'to those who seek peace with God.' He also presented a letter to the members of the House of Commons, dated May 12th, 1791, in which he assured them, that although he had a fortune of one thousand pounds, and naturally liked good living, yet that he lived on horse and ass flesh, barley bread, stinking butter, &c. But when he found that eating such things gave offence to his neighbours, he left off eating ass flesh, and only lived on vegetables, as the common sort of food, he said, hurt his conscience.

After Mr. Bentley's separation from his wife, which took place several years previous to his own decease, he carried his aversion to the observance of known

usages with respect to diet, to a still greater extreme. He would have no set meal-times, insisting that the calls of nature ought to be obeyed at all times, and, if possible, in all places. After he came to London, he never had but one servant, who, as he respected his master's principles, was contented sometimes to breakfast at six in the morning, and sometimes not before noon. As any thing like pride in dress was abhorrent to Mr. Bentley's way of thinking, this faithful servant was content to wear the clothes presented by his master, without any alteration. Mr. Bentley was six feet high within a few inches; but his Sancho Panza, a short man, positively wore one of his master's coats, nearly dragging along the ground. At length, however, the ridicule which Mr. Bentley brought upon himself by advocating the eating of ass flesh, tended considerably to cool his ardour for making proselytes, to which may be added the expences he had been at for years in printing his numerous productions, addressed to all ranks, which he generally gave away, having experimentally found few persons who would purchase them.

Mr. Bentley was only an occasional visitor of the little singular society that used to assemble with Mr. John Dennis, the bookseller, and others, at the house of a friend, near Hoxton.

Mr. DOBBS, a member of the Irish Parliament about 1799, was another of the persons that attended this small circle of religious enquirers. Partial to his own country, he seriously maintained that, according to the Book of Revelations, Ireland was selected to be the principal theatre of the approaching Millennium; and that the fine linen in which the Saints are said to be clothed in chap. xvi., was to be manufactured in Ireland; and that as serpents and all venomous creatures were banished thence by St. Patrick, Satan, the old serpent, was also destined to receive his deadly blow there. The Giant's Causeway, he thought, had been referred to by Daniel. Gog and Magog, who it is supposed in Ezekiel, would give the Saints a good deal of trouble before

the Millennium, Mr. Dobbs supposed were to come from New South Wales; and Armagh, in Ireland, he understood was the Armageddon mentioned in the Revelations, where the great battle was to be fought. Every person in existence, Mr. Dobbs maintained, had lived in this world more than once, and that before the Millennium there would be an army of a hundred and forty-four thousand persons, who would have the full confidence of their having been in the world before.

A volume in octavo, being a concise View of History and Prophecy, &c., by Francis Dobbs, Esq., member for the borough of Charlemont, in Ireland—London, 1800, will sufficiently evince that the sentiments of this gentleman have been by no means misrepresented in this sketch. In Mr. Dobbs's book, he refers to the meeting at Hoxton, consisting of "thirty persons, all of whom declared they had reasons out of the common order of things, to think that these times would produce mighty changes, that would end in the establishment of human happiness."

Several of these characters, especially Mr. J. Dennis, the bookseller, were ardent admirers of the writings of Jacob Behmen, and his recent translator, the late Rev. William Law, and this not a little upon account of the positive assertion of the latter, that Sir Isaac Newton had borrowed his ideas of attraction and gravity from the alchymistical, theological, and astrological shoemaker of Gorlitz, in his book entitled "The Three Principles."

Mr. JOHN BELL, commonly called *the Life Guardsman*, who predicted the end of the world, and the certain destruction of London, about the year 1757, was a kind of honorary member of this society, and, when he uttered these terrible effusions, was a preacher in Mr. John Wesley's connection, from which of course he was excluded; but he lived not only to recover his reason, but to renounce all his former connections and predilections. Mr. Bell, for several years after, kept a hosier's shop near Holborn Bridge. The writer of this article saw Mr. Bell in the act of

making himself very merry at the expense of Mr. Rowland Hill's hearers, when, previous to his establishment in the Surrey-road chapel, he used occasionally to preach in the open air near

White Conduit House, in the London-field, at Hackney, and elsewhere. Mr. Bell was living in genteel retirement, on a small farm at Hyde, near Edgware, in the winter of 1794-5.

HYPOCHONDRIACS—NERVES—BLUE DEVILS.

Concluded from p. 445.

ONE Marsilaus had that pleasant sort of madness, that he verily thought all the ships which put to shore, upon the *Pyræum*, were his own. He would therefore number them, and dismiss them; receive a fresh cargo with that joy as if he were their master. He afterwards declared, when cured, that his vapours were very pleasant.

Grimm speaks of a gentleman, J. J. de Mairan, whose old valet de chambre had established a sort of concordance between the state of the thermometer and his master's dress; and when M. de Mairan asked him, in the morning, *How is the thermometer?* he answered, *at ratteen, or at velvet, or at fur*, according to the degree of cold.

The following most extraordinary event happened in Lincolnshire, in the autumn of 1804, and may be relied on as a matter of fact. No better illustration of what has preceded could be introduced. The violence of a fall deprived Sir Henry F. of his faculties, and he lay entranced several hours; at length his recollection returned—he faintly exclaimed, "Where am I?" and, looking up, found himself in the arms of a venerable old man, to whose kind offices Sir H. was probably indebted for his life. "You revive," said the venerable old man; "fear not, yonder house is mine; I will support you to it; there you shall be comforted." Sir H. expressed his gratitude: they walked gently to the house. The friendly assistance of the old gentleman and his servants restored Sir H. to his reason; his bewildered faculties were re-organized: at length he suffered no inconvenience, excepting that occasioned by the bruises he received in the fall. Dinner was announced, and the good old man entreated Sir H. to join the party; he accepted the invitation, and

was shewn into a large hall, where he found sixteen covers: the party consisted of as many persons—no ladies were present. The old man took the head of the table; an excellent dinner was served, and rational conversation gave a zest to the repast. The gentleman on the left of Sir H. asked him to drink a glass of wine, when the old man, in a dignified and authoritative tone, at the same time extending his hand, said, "No!" Sir H. was astonished at the singularity of the check, yet, unwilling to offend, remained silent. The instant dinner was over, the old man left the room, when one of the company addressed him in the following words:—"By what misfortune, sir, have you been unhappily trepanned by that unfeeling man who has quitted the room? O, sir! you will have ample cause to curse the hour that put you into his power, for you have no prospect, in this world, but misery and oppression, perpetually subject to the capricious humour of that old man; you will remain in this mansion for the remainder of your days; your life, as mine is, will become burdensome; and, driven to despair, your days will glide on, with regret and melancholy reflection, in one cold and miserable sameness. This, alas! has been my lot for fifteen years; and not mine only, but the lot of every one you see here, since their arrival in this cursed abode!" The pathetic manner that accompanied this cheerless narrative, and the singular behaviour of the old man at dinner, awoke in Sir Henry's breast sentiments of horror, and he was lost in stupor some minutes; when recovering, he said, "By what authority can any man detain me against my will? I will not submit; I will oppose him, force to force, if necessary." "Ah, sir!" exclaimed a second gentleman, "your ar-

gument is just, but your threats are vain ; the old man, sir, is a magician ; we know it by fatal experience : do not be rash, sir ; your attempt would prove futile, and your punishment would be dreadful." " I will endeavour to escape," said Sir H. " Your hopes are groundless," rejoined a third gentleman ; " for it was but three months ago, when, in an attempt to escape, I broke my leg." Another said, he had broken his arm, and that many had been killed by falls, in their endeavours to escape ; others had suddenly disappeared, and never been heard of. Sir H. was about to reply, when a servant entered the room, and said his master wished to see him. " Do not go," said one ; " Take my advice," said another ; " For God's sake, do not go." The servant told Sir H. he had nothing to fear, and begged he would follow him to his master : he did, and found the old man seated at a table covered with a dessert and wine : he arose when Sir H. entered the room, and asked pardon for the apparent rudeness he was under the necessity of committing at dinner ; " For," said he, " I am Doctor Willis ; you must have heard of me ; I confine my practice entirely to cases of insanity ; and as I board and lodge insane patients, mine is vulgarly called a mad-house. The persons you dined with are madmen : I was unwilling to tell you this before dinner, fearing it would make you uneasy ; for, although I know them to be perfectly harmless, you very naturally might have had apprehensions." The surprise of Sir H. on hearing this was great ; his fears subsiding, the doctor and Sir H. passed the evening agreeably.

But let us recur, and add a few ' more last words' upon nerves and nervous people.—Nervous people, so called, whether deeply afflicted at their teatable, or really bed-ridden with ' the don't-know-how-I-feel' disease,—may *they* be pitied or sneered at ? Like the gout, (a disease rarely known out of the pale of fashion,) the quality have contrived also to pick up a little chit-chat about the nervous system, and every bodily and mental complaint (and of the last there is no end) are resolved into this disorder, with some meaning,

or with no meaning. But what is the origin of these nerves ? where did they first appear ? are they indigenous or imported ? are the sensations innate or acquired ? who was the first man, or first woman, that had nerves ? if bred at home, who was the Bakewell of the day ? if abroad, and so imported, or smuggled over, what might we give in exchange ?—perhaps bone and muscle, a sorry barter : but the custom-house entries have no such records within fifty years, for nerves have not been a marketable commodity for a longer period : yet, upon further consideration it might have crept into this country with some contraband article, like the plague ; for the infection, like it, has been pretty general. Some have boldly said, it came over in chests of tea ; but, as a commodity can only come from a place where it is, and never from a place where it is not, that assertion, as to the celestial empire, is doubtful ; besides, Dr. Johnson had no nerves, yet swallowed oceans of that beverage called tea. Nerves could not we think, have been imported from France ; the French may have nerves, since they have invented a word called *ennui*, which, after all, is but dabbling in things they know nothing about, or show nothing of ; just as many people here talk as familiarly about philosophy as about puppy-dogs. From the Netherlands they could not have come ; a Dutchman has not time to be nervous. Nor from Germany ; for tho' their novels and plays go very far towards a trial of the nerves, by the endless introduction of ghosts, murders, incests, and all the genuine horrific, still, where do people laugh more, or enjoy Bologna sausages, sour krout, and white beans, better than they do ? From Russia, Sweden, Denmark, or Poland ? It is in vain to imagine that these northerners had any nerves to export ; for a nervous man to exist whole months in the midst of snow and ice, is as out of character, as for an elephant to be comfortable in a lady's boudoir. Could those Russian noblemen be supposed nervous, who stole Dr. Clarke's hat, or who combed their heads in public with their fingers ? unquestionably not. Again, could north-

ern ladies be suspected of nerves, who, according to the enacted laws, were not allowed to get drunk before nine o'clock in the evening? The northerners are, therefore, acquitted of infecting us. If we look to other parts of Europe, we find the Italian ever fiddling or dancing, and therefore without nerves. The Spaniard, who is continually strumming his guitar, or at mass, has no nerves. The Turk, with his hookha, dividing his time between the smoke of tobacco and the sanctity of the Koran, and the sweets of his harem, has no nerves; so little, indeed, can he be suspected, that, when the bow-string is within one inch of its office, he submits to the will of fate, crying out God is God, and Mahomet is his prophet: his head and his wealth are then put into a sack, and carried to the sultan of the sublime Porte, who calls himself God's shadow, and it would be impolite to the last degree to impute nerves to him. If we go to the newly-discovered islands of Australasia, they have no idea of these nerves. We beg pardon, in due time they may be infected, for we trade there; the savage monarchs get civilized, get rich, and so may become nervous. Were we to take a bird's-eye view of the whole globe, however, we must admit, at last, that nerves are indigenous, that they have not been imported, that we are not infected from abroad, and we must look further still for their origin.

My mother, who is now, God bless her, in her seventieth year, positively assures me, there was no such things as nerves in her young days. My aunt Tabitha, a spinster, confirms the same; yet, strange to say, she has contrived to pick up a new set of nerves for private use, and which may account for her liberal orders to an Italian *liqueur* merchant in the neighbourhood, who deals in choice cordials, foreign and British. Were I to accuse my aunt of being in liquor, the charge would be deemed gross or indelicate; but when I say that she uses the liqueurs occasionally, and strictly according to allowed fashion, to drive away nerves, I am strictly in order. When my aunt has the nerves, she often tries how steadily her hand

can, or cannot, lift a full glass to her head to put her rickety nerves into a more steady pace. Who might be the inventor, there is now no knowing; it is sufficient that it is not among the *artes perditæ*, but *per contra*. Some have said, that Pandora let nerves fly out of her malignant box, to plague the high and mighty; but this is false; it is against all chronology: that affair took place before nerves appeared, and the hypothesis can be no way maintained but upon the grounds of a metempsychosis, or transmigration of good and evil from the earliest of all times. But whoever was the inventor, the possessor of nerves has indisputably also the possession of a fund of anecdote, supplying conversation with a most charming detail of the tremors, the trepidations, the palpitations, the feelings, the spasms, the shudders, the sudden somethings, the inexplicable how-do-I-do-to-day-ishness, which nervous people alone, peculiarly constructed, feel in the highest perfection, and describe with the most marvellous accuracy, seeming to enjoy the very luxury of complaining. Nerves has moreover very nearly banished those vulgar complaints, colds, coughs, &c.; to talk of which now is a mark of ill breeding. And here one word is necessary in defence of spasms, which is the second order of the first class of the third species of the first genus of nerves. The family of spasms has greatly increased among polished people, and nothing can be so cruel as to deride the only remedy which nerves has found out for spasms in the stomach, leading, as we know, to gout in the stomach, which is cherry-brandy. Some may affect to sneer at this best of all prescriptions in the pharmacopœia of nerves; but this I know, another aunt of mine cures all her diurnal spasms so, and that may be attested before the lord-mayor. —Lastly, nerves afflict people of property beyond all others. Let me but see the dividend-books at the bank, and I will engage to put a + against the names of the nervous. A man of ten thousand a year has nerves; so has his lady, and her servants know it; if twenty thousand a year, the case is desperate; a yellow hue is seen on the coun-

tenances of the possessors ; but if fifty thousand a year and upwards, the forlorn hope has arrived, the crisis is come, the balm of gilead is tapped, the death-watch is heard, the dogs howl at night in the court-yard, the winding-sheet is nightly seen in the candle, the patient is wheeled about in a Bath chair by a footman ; he fancies himself made of glass, and shall be broke to pieces ; and that the Bank, where all his treasure is, will break also ; and the very sight of the physician winds up the catalogue of nerves at the full. But in the country there are no nerves. We don't call twenty miles round London the country ; for since wealth has stretched himself into country-houses contiguous to the metropolis, so has nerves ; yes, nerves has intruded into the grange, the lodge, the park, and the house ; shunning ship-builders' yards, and scenes of business. Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, are also free : as to the first, the allusion is only to the residents : the absentees, who walk

about Bath, Cheltenham, and London, are nervous to the last degree. As for the Scotch, they are so national as to discard nerves ; and the honest and peaceable Welchman traverses his mountains without even having heard of the existence of such a made-up homunculus, or incubus, or blue devil, as NERVES.

Nervous people should be called nerveless people—being without strength. Thus Pope—

Here sunk Thalia, *nerveless*, faint and dead,
Had not her sister, Satire, held her head.

Lastly, a nervous man was formerly supposed to describe a man of muscle, brawny make, of strength, as we now understand of a nervous style. But the moderns call a nervous man as one devoured by *ennui*, trembling like a leaf, frightened at his own shadow ; and we might as well attempt to put the tail of an eel into curling-paper, as to talk such people out of their fidgetting maladies.

SONG.

AIR---“ *Here awa', there awa'.* ”

1

'Tis sweet on the hill top, when morning is shining,
To watch the rich vale as it brightens below ;
'Tis sweet in the valley, when day is declining,
To mark the far mountains, deep tinged with its glow.
But dearer to me were one moment beside thee,
In the wild of the desert, while love lit thine eye :
For in weal or in woe, or whatever betide thee,
Thou'rt the charm of my life, the mild star of my sky.

2

Then fly to me here, while the noontide is glowing ;
The greenwood is cool in the depth of its glooms,
There I've wove thee a seat, where the wild flowers are blowing,
And the roses thou lov'st shed their dearest perfumes.
There we'll talk of past griefs, when our love was forbidden,
When fortune was adverse, and friends would deny !
But my heart was still true, though its fervour was hidden
From the charm of my life, the mild star of my sky.

3

Then haste, my beloved, the moments are flying,
And catch the bright fugitives ere they depart,
That each its own portion of pleasure supplying,
May wake the mute rapture that dwells in the heart :
And when age shall have temper'd our warm glow of feeling,
Though our spirits are sober'd, less ardent our joy,
Our love shall endure, though youth's lustre is stealing
From the charm of my life, the mild star of my sky.

RECONCILEMENT.

Although the tear-drop gliding
Makes thee lovelier than before,
Yet weep not at my chiding,
I will never chide thee more.

Let thy lip no longer quiver,
Let thy bosom's heaving cease,

Though they lend more bliss than ever
To the long, long kiss of peace.

Could my lips with scorn deceive thee,
I might boast our broken tie ;
But to lose thee, and to leave thee,
Were to part with peace and die.

TO A MOURNER.

THE creeping worm that, weak and weary,
Was slumbering in its narrow cell,
Enraptur'd, bursts that prison dreary,
And, fluttering, leaves its wither'd shell :
Gently moving—gaily roving
Far away from earthly care
Soaring brightly—wafted lightly
Through the boundless fields of air.

Thou, Mourner ! dry that thoughtless tear,
And gaze no more upon the dead ;
'Tis but a solitary bier !
No earthly spirit lingers there ;
On wings of light to Heaven 'tis fled !

New Month. July.

PHILOSOPHICAL INQUIRIES.

COL. MACDONALD, ON THE NORTH-WEST
MAGNETIC POLE.

I Rejoice, that the Discovery-Ships are to proceed again to explore the Polar Basin to the west of Baffin's Bay. From accounts, as far as they have yet been published, it does not appear to me that the vast accumulation of thick ice will admit of proceeding Westward on the parallel of latitude of the newly-discovered Georgian Islands ; which, however, ought to be completely explored, in order, if possible, to ascertain the precise position of the North-west Magnetic Pole ; and also to find what advantages the Whale Fishery may derive from these discoveries.

It has not been made manifest that there is no passage from Repulse Bay, into the Polar Basin. This would be the shortest course to the Hyperborean Coast, along which alone, there seems to me to be the best chance of getting to Bhering's Straits ; and this on nearly the parallel of 70 degrees.---Should the ice oppose a Western progress along this inhospitable coast of about 85 degrees of reduced longitude, no resource will remain but to achieve the object by land. As the Country is inhabited by several tribes of Indians, whose dispositions are unknown, a certain cautious mode of procedure is indispensable. ---under these circumstances, European nations, interested in the object to be accomplished, should join in the expense of establishing a chain of small posts of the block-house description, as otherwise, progress, combined with safety, would be quite impossible.---The Posts (as distant as possible from each other) might be constructed of such materials as the country afforded.---It is probable that the Fur trade might be materially benefited by this measure, requiring time and resolute enterprise.---Even if a North-west Passage is effected by sea, through Bhering's Straits, navigation will derive little advantage from it, as far as regards

the comparative duration of Voyages to distant quarters.

Any person may be convinced of this by applying a thread to a ship's supposed course on the projection of the Sphere, called a Chart. By this simple trial, a line to Bengal, passing through Baffin's Bay and Bhering's Straits, will be to a line from England to Bengal, by the Cape of Good Hope, in the proportion of 45 to 33.---Again, a line from England to China, by a North-west Passage, and the same by the Cape and Straits of Sunda, will be in the proportion of the lengths of 39 to 32, nearly.---Here we have, independent of the great risk of the navigation, a great addition of run.---The North-east Passage round Nova Zembla and Cape Taimurin, the most Northerly of Russia, has not yet been clearly ascertained ; and there is reason to think that there is land to the N. E. of this Cape, towards Bhering's Straits. But even supposing a North-east Passage practicable, a line from England by it, and through these Straits, to China, and the common line through the Straits of Sunda, would be, in relative lengths, nearly in the proportion of 44 to 32. Two persons in making this decisive experiment of comparative measurement, may not go over precisely the same course : but any arising difference will not amount to 1, or $1\frac{1}{2}$, and consequently will not militate against the resulting conclusions.

In addition to the celebrated Magnetic Authors, mentioned in my former Communication, I omitted the name of Dr. Gilbert, who, in his "*Physiologia Nova Magnete*," and in other publications, has displayed experimentally and theoretically, more knowledge of this occult and obscure science, as far as it has arrived, than all the other authors put together. He also adopted the notion of different Magnetic Poles. In necessarily abandoning the supposition of a South-east and South-west Magnetic Pole, on ac-

count of finding no adequate variation contiguous to their imagined sites, the existence of a moving Magnetic Cause round the South Pole also, will remain dubious, till a continued trial of the variation during a series of years, on the nearest *Terra Firma* to that Pole, shall indicate such conclusion as may be satisfactory to Philosophy. I throw out the idea, because certain anomalies of variation in South latitudes, require some such supposition.

I am aware, Mr. Urban, that the solidity of the earth may be urged against the possibility of a moving Magnetic cause: but what proof have we that the Sphere we live on, is solid beyond the degree of thickness requisite to preserve its form from being materially altered by its rapid motion round the Sun; by its diurnal motion round its axis; and by its motion round its common centre of gravity with the Moon? Newton in his chair, proved by science, what the French Philosophers confirmed by actual measurement; viz. the difference between the Equatorial and Polar diameters of the Earth, arising from the projection of the Globe at the Equator, by its rotatory motion. Were the Earth a solid to its centre, this motion on an imaginary axis, would not give it the ascertained form of an oblate spheroid; as a hard solid body moving in empty space, cannot be supposed to yield into that shape, by any law of action, as yet unfolded by science. The planet Jupiter is above thirteen hundred times the bulk of the Earth; and Saturn, independent of his double ring, is about a thousand times the bulk of our globe. These dimensions are made out by the clearest rules of science. If we apply to these prodigious bodies the reasoning of Newton relative to plastic forms moving va-

riously, there is no ground for concluding that they are solid substances to their centres. If they were, their vast weight would require infinitely more attraction than probably even the sun could furnish. True, nothing is impossible with the Deity, whose laws of Nature are as simple, as they are beautifully efficient, but we honour his name by following such reasoning as Newton's, inferior as he was to infinite beings:

"Superior beings, when of late they saw,
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law;
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape."

It is difficult to write on such a subject; but still we are certainly more warranted in concluding that the earth is not a solid throughout, than the reverse.

During the next voyage, I take it for granted, that the requisite scientific preparations will be made for commencing to discover whether or not the newly-ascertained Magnetic Cause has a movement; and this can only be made out in due process of time. The Dipping Needle to be used should be of a very light construction, and might in its plane carry a very light card, marked as usual, with the whole turning on a point. By means of a graduated circumference round the exact meridian to be laid off, and a scale of minutes on one of the extremities of the needle, this whole contrivance would shew the variation-dip and diurnal variation, while the observations of subsequent periods would mark the alteration or stability of the North-west Magnetic Pole. The whole compass of Science hardly offers a subject of higher interest.

JOHN MACDONALD.

CORNUCOPIA

OF LITERARY CURIOSITIES AND REMARKABLE FACTS.

(London Magazines, June and July.)

STREET MEETING.

A Sunday newspaper, a few years ago, gave the following characteristic specimen of what he calls "that ancient formula, which may be termed *An Englishman's Dialogue*."

A. (advancing) How d'ye do, Brooks?

B. Very well, thank'ee; how do *you* do?

A. Very well, thank'ee; is Mrs. Brooks well?

B. Very well, I'm much obliged t'ye. Mrs. Adams and the children are well, I hope?

A. Quite well, thank'ee.

(A pause.)

B. Rather pleasant weather to-day.

A. Yes, but it was cold in the morning.

B. Yes, but we must expect that at this time o' year.

(Another pause,---neckcloth twisted and switch twirled.)

A. Seen Smith lately?

B. No,---I can't say I have;---but I have seen Thomson.

A. Indeed---and how is he?

B. Very well, thank'ee.

A. I'm glad of it.---Well,---good morning.

B. Good morning.

Here it is always observed, that the speakers, having taken leave, walk faster than usual for some hundred yards.

SINGULAR WORM.

A worm of a very curious nature, has been found by the cook of the King's Arms, in Dock, Plymouth, on opening a cod-fish destined for an entertainment. It is about four inches long, and shaped like a soal, with a mouth apparently intended to act as a sucker: but what renders it more remarkable, is a clothing of the most dazzling green feathers, equal in brilliancy to those of the peacock, on the back, which gives it a very singular

aspect. Between the feathers are sharp quills, resembling those on 'the fretful porcupine,' but comparatively smaller. The animal would seem too large to feed on the cod, but might rather be considered as a parasite, which is a frequent attendant on the fish species.

THE KING OF THE SPIDERS.

The sexton of the church of St. Eustace, at Paris, amazed to find frequently a particular lamp extinct early, and yet the oil consumed only, sat up several nights to discover the cause. At length he detected that a spider of surprising size, came down the cord to drink the oil. A still more extraordinary instance of the same kind occurred during the year 1751, in the cathedral of Milan. A vast spider was observed there, which fed on the oil of the lamps. M. Morand, of the academy of sciences, has described this spider, and furnished a drawing of it. His words are—*Le corps, couleur de suie, arrondi, terminé en pointe, avec le dos et les pattes velues, pesoit quatre livres.* This spider, of four pounds weight, was sent to the Emperor of Austria, and placed in the imperial museum.

SOUTH-AMERICAN SPIDER.

There exists in America an enormous spider, whose size (the body being an inch and a half long,) enables it to attack even small birds. M. Moreau de Jonnes has furnished a memoir on its manners, as observed by him in Martinique. It spins no web, but lodges in the crevices of the rocks, and throws itself with main force upon its prey: it kills humming-birds, fly-birds, and small lizards, taking special care to seize them by the nape of the neck, knowing that they may thus be killed with the greatest ease. Its strong jaws seem to infuse a poison into the wounds which they inflict, for such wounds are considered much more dangerous than they would be by their depth alone. It envelops its eggs, to the number of from 1800 to 2000 in a ball of white silk, and this fecundity, joined to its tenacity of life, would soon cause the island to be overrun with it, had it not active and innumerable enemies in the red ants, which destroy the greater part of the young spiders.

NEW INVENTION TO WALK ON WATER.

A Mr. Kent, of Glasgow, has invented a machine by which he is enabled to walk on the surface of the water with perfect safety, at the rate of three miles in the hour. Mr. Kent lately walked on the Monkland Canal, at the rate of three miles in the hour, which was witnessed by about 200 persons.

CAUSE OF THE DIURNAL VARIATION OF THE NEEDLE.

The diurnal variation of the needle has been ascribed, in a memoir of M. Ampere, to the *alternate change of temperature* of the two regions, during the diurnal rotation of the globe: the influence of temperature on electric actions having been established by M. Dessaignes and others. "We must add also," says he, "among the electromotive actions of the different parts of the earth, that of the magnet minerals which it contains, and which should be considered as voltaic piles. The elevation of temperature which takes place in the conductors of electric currents, ought also to take place on the terrestrial globe. Is not this the cause of that internal heat in the earth, which has been established by recent observations? And when we consider that this elevation of temperature produces, when the current is sufficiently energetic, a permanent incandescence, accompanied by the most brilliant light, without combustion or loss of substance, may we not conclude that opaque globes are so, on account of the little energy of the electrical currents which are established in them, while those which shine by themselves derive their light from the more active currents which they possess?"

HYDROPHOBIA.

The official Gazette of Berlin gives a correct list of persons whose deaths have been occasioned by hydrophobia, in the different provinces of the Prussian monarchy. In the space of ten years the number of deaths was 1666, and from 1816 to 1819 exclusively, there were 1053 deaths occasioned by this malady; whence it results that in Prussia 2719 persons have died in consequence of being bitten by mad dogs. These numerous accidents have excited the attention of the Government, and it has been acknowledged, that the only means of diminishing the evil is the imposition of a heavy sumptuary tax upon all individuals who shall keep dogs without having occasion for their services.

ANOTHER DEMAND ON THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON, FOR £20,000.

A Mr. Leinberger, an ingenious machinemaker, at Nuremberg, asserts that he has solved the problem of giving an horizontal direction to the air balloon, and he offers to set out on his aërostatic voyage from Nuremberg to London, as soon as the Royal Academy of Sciences (the Royal Society) will engage to pay him on his arrival in London the reward of 20,000£. sterling, which it has offered for this discovery.

BURNS'S MONUMENT.

The sum collected for the purpose of erecting a monument to Burns in Edinburgh is near 1500£. Mr Flaxham, the artist, has generously undertaken its execution without any pecuniary advantage, allowing the whole sum to be expended in the materials and labour.

THE UNICORN.

Another animal resembling the description of the unicorn, as given by Pliny, is now on its way to this country from Africa; it nearly resembles the horse in figure, but is much smaller, and the single horn projecting from the fore head is considerably shorter than is given in the real or supposed delineations of that doubtful creature.

THE TERPIDIUM.

A musical instrument of an entirely novel description, has lately arrived in London. The instrument has excited a high degree of interest on the continent; and the inventor, Mr. Buschmann, has obtained the most flattering testimonials of approbation from many celebrated musical characters in Germany; and it is represented to us by those who have heard it in this country, as being a very delightful instrument, combining the sweetness of the flute and clarinet with the energy of the horn and bassoon, and yielding a full and rich harmony, resembling an orchestra of wind instruments. This surprising effect is said to be produced by the most simple combination of a grade of wooden staves!

MAGNIFICENT ORGANISED FOSSIL.

Productive as the coast of Dorsetshire (between Charmouth and Lyme) has been in specimens of organised fossils, the interesting vestiges of the primæval world, (see an account of another specimen found at the same spot, in our last) none have hitherto been discovered there of so fine a character, and in such rare perfection, as a skeleton found upon a ledge of rock, a few days since, by Miss Mary Aming, of Lyme, about half a mile to the eastward of that town. The animal, whose remains have been thus brought to light by this persevering and successful collector of extraneous fossils, appears to have been one of the species called *Ichthyosaurus vulgaris*, which, in times we know nothing of, was a common inhabitant of the parts where his bones at present repose. Its skeleton lies in high relief upon a mass of the blue marl which alternates on the western coast of Dorsetshire with the strata of blue lias, and presents the complete osteology of the monster commencing at the snout and terminating with the last process of the caudal vertebrae. Its length is 5 feet, and the natural arrangement of the bones is so little disturbed, that the most perfect idea may be obtained of its original curious and terrible formation. Formidable, however, as it must have been alive and in action, it was but a *baby*, compared with another fossil of a similar description found by Miss Aming about six weeks ago near the spot in question. The remains of this beast measure nearly 20 feet in length; its vertebrae are 95 in number; its head 5 feet long; the jaws nearly of the same extent; and its teeth, round and sharp at the point, (equally calculated for piercing and tearing,) are full three inches long and one inch in diameter. Could man be coeval with such monsters as these? The latter animal is called the *Ichthyosaurus Platyodon*.

NEW ISLANDS.

Captain Billingshausen, commander of a Russian vessel, on a voyage of discovery towards the Antarctic, has fallen in with three islands, in lat. 56° S. covered with snow and with a volcano on one of them.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A short time since, as David Virtue, mason, at Auchtertool, a village four miles distant from Kirkcaldy in Scotland, was dressing a barley mill-stone from a large block, after cutting away a part, he found an ask or lizard imbedded in the stone. It was about one inch and a quarter long, of a brownish yellow colour, round head with bright sparkling projecting eyes. When found, it was apparently dead, but after lying about five minutes exposed to the air, it began to shew signs of life. One of the workmen put snuff on its eyes, which seemed to give the animal great pain: it soon ran forwards and backwards with great celerity. After the lapse of about half an hour it was brushed off the stone and killed. When found, the animal was lying in a round cavity coiled up thus O, the cavity itself being an exact impression of the animal. This stone is naturally a little damp; and about half an inch all round the animal was of a soft sand, (moist), the same colour of the animal itself. There were about 14 feet of earth above the rock, and the spot where the block, in which the lizard was found, was cut from the quarry, was about 7 or 8 feet deep in the rock, so that the animal was from 21 to 22 feet from the surface.

BLINDNESS IN HORSES.

A correspondent says, "From many years' experience, I am convinced there is no cause to which the blindness in horses can so justly be ascribed, as the humour of the driver to have the *winkers* or *blinders* of the bridle sit close or snug, as it is termed; by which there is unavoidably a pressure on the side of the eye, which necessarily causes heat, with much irritation, and consequently a local fever."

PLOUGHING.

An agriculturist expresses his surprise that many farmers in the light hilly situations should plough their lands as if they were wet—namely up and down the hills; whereas, by ploughing across them, all the rain would be stopped by the ridges, instead of running to the bottom, and frequently carrying the seed, soil, and manure with it. He has proved the superiority of the plan from experience. He also mentions that some years ago he set broad beans between the rows of the principal part of a crop of potatoes, which not only sheltered them, but conducted the dew to their roots, and both produced excellent crops; but in a small part which was not set with beans, the potatoes were scorched up, and hardly worth digging.

NEW INVENTIONS.

Extraordinary Printing-Press.—M. Hellfarth, a printer at Erfurt in Germany, has contrived a press capable of printing eight sheets at a time, and of throwing off seven thousand copies of each sheet in the space of twelve hours: which amount altogether, to no fewer than *fifty-six thousand sheets printed on both sides*. The machinery is put into motion by a single horse, and three men are able to supply the paper and remove it. Each sheet perfects itself.

NATURAL PHENOMENON.

It is stated, in accounts from Giessen, in Hesse-Darmstadt, that on the 3d of May, 1821, there fell in different parts of that city, a rain of the colour of blood. Professor Zim-

mermann analyzed it, and says, its component parts were oxyd of iron, an earthy acid (d'acide de terre) and carbon. Many of the inhabitants were much alarmed by this red shower.

MRS. PIOZZI.

One whose name had been familiar to the literary world, who had survived many years the great and gifted individuals of the first intellectual circle of the last century, is no more. Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Garrick, Goldsmith, and the other immortal characters of that circle, have long been "gathered to their fathers;" while the interest their memory inspires, causes the death of Mrs. Piozzi to originate a numerous train of mournful associations. Almost, if not the very last person living connected with that great union of mental excellence and social enjoyment, she seemed to have been a bond still joining them with a present existence, which her death has now rent asunder. As Mrs. Thrale, she received Dr. Johnson under the hospitable roof of her husband in 1763, when she was 26 years of age; and in 1820, she opened a ball among a new generation of mankind, and in a new era of literature, science, and art. How many celebrated persons appeared before her doing her long and felicitous existence, who have passed away "in dust to rest!" How brilliant must have been the recollections of her unclouded life, made up of enviable intimacies, cheerful gaiety, and the cultivation of lighter literature—but that life has closed, for

—they that creep and they that fly
Shall end where they began.

A Bath papersays, "On Wednesday last May 2, in the 82d year of her age, died Hester Lynch Piozzi, the once celebrated Mrs. Thrale; descended both on the paternal and maternal side, from the ancient and respectable families of the Cottons and Salisburys, in North Wales, but still more distinguished as the intimate friend and associate of Dr. Johnson, Burke, Sir J. Reynolds, Garrick, Goldsmith, Murphy, and most of those literary constellations which formed the Augustan galaxy of the last century. The world has long known in what estimation her society was held in that circle where these illustrious men, with Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Carter, Vesey, Boscawen, and others, formed a *coterie* rarely surpassed in this or any other country. The vivacity of this lady's mind was a never-failing source of pleasure to all who had the good fortune to enjoy her society, while the brilliancy of her wit, tempered by invariable good humour and general benevolence, delighted all who approached her, and offended none. Her manners were highly polished and graceful; her erudition, the result of a regularly classical education, under the learned Dr. Collyer, was much more profound than those who only conversed superficially with her, were likely to discover; for wisely considering the line usually prescribed in such pursuits to her sex, she made no display of her scholarship, yet was always ready to give her testimony when properly *called out*; indeed, on those occasions, it was impossible altogether to conceal the rich and rare acquirements, in various sciences, which this lady possessed. Her writings are many of them before the public; and if some incline to condemn a colloquial style, in which,

perhaps, she was too fond of indulging, all must admire the power of her genius, and the elegance of her talent, so variously displayed. She was particularly happy in *jeux d'esprit*—numbers of which lie scattered amongst her friends, and will, we hope, be collected.

DR. CALLCOT.

May 15. In the neighbourhood of Bristol, Dr. Callcot.—This celebrated Musician obtained, early in life, the highest reputation for original genius and profound science. A large share of the delight received by the Publick for the last 30 years has been derived from the performance of his compositions; and as long as vocal music continues to be heard or studied, his name must hold a place in the esteem and admiration of all persons of just feeling and true taste. Independently of his professional acquirements, his attainments in general Literature were extraordinary. But the more conspicuous features in his character were the good, the gentle, and amiable qualities of his mind. Never has it fallen to the lot of any man to excite deeper or warmer feelings in the breasts of his friends, or to call forth a more unbounded sympathy for his afflictions. He has left a family to lament him, who are all known to the public by their talents in the various departments of the arts.

REV. THOMAS SCOTT.

At Aston Sanford, the Rev. Thomas Scott, rector of that parish, and many years Chaplain to the Lock Hospital.

The Rev. Thomas Scott was a native of Yorkshire, and soon after his entrance on the ministry, he became a most zealous Calvinist, which occasioned his being elected to the joint chaplainship of the Lock Hospital, when the late Rev. Martin Madan was under the necessity of relinquishing that situation in consequence of his public vindication of Polygamy. Mr. Scott afterwards had a difference with his coadjutor, Mr. De Coetlogon, on some points of doctrine, which produced a curious kind of schism in that establishment, and ended in the removal of both preachers.

Mr. Scott was formerly curate of Western Underwood and Ravenshoe, in Buckinghamshire, and afterwards vicar of Olney, from whence he removed to the rectory of Aston Sanford in the same county. He was an indefatigable labourer in the theological field as the following list will testify:

The Force of Truth, a Marvellous Narrative of his own Life, 1779. The Scriptural Doctrine of Civil Government and the Duties of Subjects, 1792. The Rights of God, 1793. The Religious Character of Great Britain, 1793. Essays on the most important Subjects in Religion, 1793. Treatise on Growth in Grace. On the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures in Answer to Paine's Age of Reason, 1796. Sermons on Select Subjects, 1797. A Family Bible with Notes, 1797. The Warrant and Nature of Faith considered, 1798. On the Signs of the Times, 1799. A Missionary Sermon at St. Anne's Blackfriars, 1801. Four Sermons, on Repentance, the Evil of Sin, Christ's Love to Sinners, and the Promise of the Holy Spirit, 1802. Sermon on the Death of J. Newell, 1803. Chronological Tables to the Bible, with Maps, 1811. The Jews a Blessing to Nations, a Sermon at St. Lawrence, Jewry, 1810. Remarks on the Bishop of Lincoln's Refutation

of Calvinism, 1812. Joy in Heaven, a Sermon for the female penitentiary, 1812.

May 27. In the 97th year of her age, Mrs. Watts, relict of Mr. John Watts formerly of Brackley, Northamptonshire. Mr. Watts was originally by trade a plumber, and having a comfortable independence, kept an open table on market days for the neighbouring gentlemen and clergy. Amongst his guests on such occasions was that most excellent man, Mr. Moore, then a poor curate, who ceasing to be so frequent in his visits as he used, Mr. Watts asked him the reason. The reply was candidly, that as he owed Mr. W. ten pounds, which he was unable to pay, he therefore felt a little delicacy as to intruding on his hospitable table. Mr. Watts begged he would not give it a thought, but come as usual, and added that he had twenty pounds more at his service. In the course of their after-lives, such are the mysterious ways of Providence, Mr. Watts fell into decayed circumstances, and the poor curate became *Archbishop of Canterbury*. In this elevated rank, Dr. John Moore did not forget his generous host, but contributed to make his latter days comfortable, besides settling an annuity to the widow, which was regularly paid by the Archbishop's family to the day of her death. This gratifying anecdote will be, we trust, a sufficient apology for our noticing the demise of a person of comparative obscurity.

At Hucknall Torkard, John Spray, and on the following morning Mercy his wife; the former aged 71, the latter 69 years. From their great attachment to each other, they were called the "two doves;" they were never known to quarrel, nor ever went out on business without accompanying each other; they were buried in the same grave; after affording in their lives an example of conjugal attachment, in the midst of poverty, perhaps never equalled.

At Brussels, the Ex-Conventionalist Qui-rette.---He was one of the four Deputies who, with the Minister at War, Bournonville, went on the 3d of April, 1793, to the headquarters of Gen. Dumourier to arrest that General and to take him to Paris to be tried; but were themselves arrested, and delivered by Dumourier to the Austrian General Clairfait, and were kept in prison in Germany two years and a half, until they were exchanged for the Duchess of Angouleme in '95.

At Sheal House, the 27th ult. at the advanced age of 112 years, Ann M'Rae, the widow of a Kintail farmer. Until the last winter she had never known a day's sickness, and her organs of seeing and hearing were unimpaired; and not many months ago she would run a race with any of her sex of the third and fourth generation. Old age is proverbial for peevish and fretful complaints of the degeneracy of the new race which starts up around them; but the lamentation of the subject of this memoir was somewhat singular, and being descriptive of the state of civilization in which her native country was in her younger days, we render it into English, though with the loss of the force of the expression in the original---"I have seen happy days in Kintail, when every substantial retainer had two wives, one in the valley, and another in the hill, and when there was but one prayer and two graces in the parish!"

LITERARY.

Dr. JOHN REID has published a second edition, with considerable additions, of his *Essays on Hypochondriasis, and other Nervous Affections*. On a subject like this, many people feel inclined to dwell with an intense personal interest; and they will certainly not be repelled by the style in which Dr. Reid has treated it. We have seldom read a more entertaining performance. Many anecdotes, and some of a ludicrous nature, are detailed. In one instance, the Doctor was asked for bark, or some corroborative medicine, to enable his patient to go through an impending suit in Chancery. He was not then ill, but he expected to be so; and, we think, very rationally. The style of these essays is lively and spirited, exhibiting great ease of composition, and happiness of illustration.

We understand that some of our most popular poets are employed in framing Hymns and Psalms for the use of the Established Church of England. The design is, as far as we can collect, different from others with which our readers must be acquainted; the intention being that the Psalm of the Day should coincide with the Lesson which it follows; in other words, that the sentiment in each should be the same. Independently of such benefit as must result from this plan, the assistance of Sir W. SCOTT, MESSRS. CRABBE, SOUTHEY, MILMAN, HEBER, WRANGHAM, and others, will necessarily confer a character on the verse, which religious poetry has long wanted.

To those who take much interest in the enjoyments of the table, Mr. ACCUM's *Treatise on Culinary Chemistry, and the scientific principles of Cookery*, will form an attractive object of study. After sundry philosophical disquisitions on the food of man, and an exposition of the importance of the art of cookery, he proceeds to analyze the general operations of the kitchen, and concludes with recommending and explaining the best and most wholesome of its preparations. To some such work as this, Mr. Accum was in duty to the public bound; having in his previous *Treatise on the "Adulteration of Food, and Culinary Poisons,"* inspired a horror of ordinary aliments into our minds, which it is unquestionably the purpose of the present volume to allay. Our satisfaction is great on finding, on this occasion, not Death, but "Health in the Pot." We are once more reconciled to the flesh-pots of Egypt. For what we shall venture to receive, we shall be thankful to Mr. Accum. To say the truth, there are many plain and useful directions laid down here, for which housekeepers are indebted to him; being free from the objections generally advanced against the recipes of professed cooks---variety of materials and prodigality of expense. This work is published by Mr. Ackerman, into whose hands it came in consequence of some unfortunate circumstances, well known to the public.

The Life of a Boy; by the Author of the *Panorama of Youth*: 2 vols. is published.

Rank and Fashion; or the Mazes of Life; by Mr. Freer. 3 vols.

A Selection of the Correspondence of Linnæus and other Naturalists, from Original MSS; by Sir J. E. Smith, M. D. F. R. S. *Fidelia*; or the Prevalence of Fashion.

